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ITALIAN INCORRIGIBLES.

M. MAZZINI and the POPE, representing as they do the opposite poles of Italian feeling, are birds of one feather after all. It was Mrs. POYSEY's opinion that GOD ALMIGHTY made the women to match the men. Providence seems to have created M. MAZZINI to match Pío NÓNO. There is a political difference of sex which makes the one a sinful Republican and the other a kind of holy Tory, but both belong to M. EMILE OLLIVIER's category of political incorrigibles. They seem likely to go down to the grave without ever having surrendered a single crotchet. Neither is willing even to talk of reconciling himself with the practical politicians of his age and country. When the POPE takes wing from Rome, as he threatens to do upon the departure of his French protectors, nobody knows where he is going to settle, except it be the Cardinal DE BONNECHOSE, who seems disposed to fix upon Piccadilly. The best thing for Italy would be for the POPE, as M. ABOUT proposes, to betake himself to Jerusalem, and for M. MAZZINI, as Anti-Pope, to follow at once to Jericho. From their rival positions in the vicinity of the Jordan they might alternately fulminate impracticable advice to the Italians, and simultaneously excommunicate the King of ITALY in vain. The POPE is too old and too majestic to travel over Europe with a false nose and red hair, looking after his scattered adherents in the various cafés of the Continent. Clandestine locomotion will in course of time cease to be convenient or possible for the Anti-Pope. Encyclical letters, however, can fortunately be despatched from any part of the globe, and Jerusalem and Jericho are suitable standing-points from which the respective incorrigibles may decline all compromise with the reigning ideas of the day. And when, in the fulness of time, each of the two enthusiasts is gathered to his fathers, history will reward him with an epitaph to the effect that he always adhered, under all circumstances, and with equal want of success, to the policy of *Non Possumus*. Never to have recognised either accomplished facts or facts which were being accomplished is the best title of both to the attention of posterity.

Both M. MAZZINI and the POPE are confirmed, it may be, in their attitude of impracticability by the conviction that the Kingdom of Italy is labouring under difficulties. But they do not see at the same time—what all the world besides sees plainly—that Italy is making progress. Without able statesmen at the helm, the ship is nevertheless beating up in an extraordinary manner, by sheer steam-power, against the wind and the waves. The present Turin Parliament has grappled with and disposed of a number of serious political problems which require on the part of those who approach them thought, moderation, and decision. The Italian Chamber of Deputies finds little favour in the eyes of either Pío NÓNO or MAZZINI. The former regards it as a clique of infidels, the latter as a clique of corrupt admirers of monarchy. Whatever it is, at all events it is a body sufficiently educated to be able to understand thoroughly the bearings of the great civil and religious topics of the day. Most of its members bring with them ready prepared to the discussion individual crotchets of their own, but bring with them too a thorough acquaintance with the history of the several projects and controversies on which they are to pronounce. They are neither discouraged by the financial difficulties of the whole peninsula, nor by the unsettled condition of the southern half of it, from entering with spirit and ability on the awkward task of common legislation for a disjointed country. Meanwhile, the POPE and M. MAZZINI are to be heard, from their opposite corners, repeating Utopian professions of faith in their own antediluvian or post-millennarian nostrums. The POPE has not yet got beyond the year in which the Romagna was lost to the temporalities of the Church. The diplomacy of the Vatican affects not to be aware that the Kingdom of Italy exists at all, and it talks in antiquated terms of

Piedmontese ambition. It has just got to the Flood, while Italy has reached the epoch of the Code Napoléon. M. MAZZINI, with equal *savoir faire*, just now publishes an apostolic letter to some of his disciples at Naples. His valuable contribution to the Italian question this month is an encyclical to say that he does not look for much good in any new Parliament at Florence, but that Italy's best chance is at once to declare war for Venice against Austria. The programme is given to the world at Naples, but it smacks most unconsciously of Leicester Square. Italy has been changing and consolidating itself, but Leicester Square is still in that old stage of theatrical exaltation which looks upon Legislatures and standing armies as a farce, and believes that the walls of the Quadrilateral would fall down at once before a *levée en masse* of honest and self-relying tinkers. The experiment of Aspromonte has probably sobered all patriots who are not in exile or in hiding. But Leicester Square does not recognise Aspromonte. It regards so untoward an event as *non avenu*, and ignores its very existence, just as the Vatican closes its eyes to everything that has happened since the battle of Solferino. M. MAZZINI is quite prepared to try the experiment again. All that is wanted, he thinks, to regenerate Europe, is a red flag, a mob of shouting patriots, and a firm dependence upon Providence. If General GARIBALDI would start across the Po next week in a red shirt and high spirits, BENEDEK himself would acknowledge that the stars in their courses were fighting against the House of HAPSBURG. This is the programme of Leicester Square, and those who compare it with the ideas prevalent at the Vatican cannot but acknowledge that both the Vatican and Leicester Square have much in common. The POPE does not put his trust in horsemen or in princes, any more than M. MAZZINI. Standing armies are not only useless, in his opinion, but expensive. They cost a great deal to keep, and when they are kept they often run away before the red-shirted patriot. The POPE, therefore, falls back, as far as theory goes, entirely upon Providence. If the worst comes to the worst, he may be obliged to fly to Gaeta; but he follows the recommendation of the sacred text, and puts his trust in no man's legs except his own. One characteristic, accordingly, which is shared by both of the great Italian incorrigibles of the day, is their complete unworldliness. In the times when dependence upon the chariots and horsemen of Egypt was a sin, they would have suited the prophet to a nicety. Their goal is an unearthly one, and they do not propose to adopt any earthly means for reaching it. They will not compromise a jot, but they will only fight as JOSHUA fought against Jericho. Horsemen and princes are a delusion, but the honest sound of trumpets seems to them an infallible resource.

The notion of an immediate Italian rupture with Austria could only have occurred to the mind of either a traitor or a fanatic. Without French intervention, such a war must end in the ruin and dismemberment of Italy. Italy happens, at the present moment, to have no money, and, in comparison with Austria, very few men. Kingdoms cannot conduct great conflicts without a corresponding purse. It is only Leicester Square which can go on for ever without feeling the necessity of funds. Enthusiasts in exile may be pardoned for passing lightly over the fact that an Austrian war would probably set all the Continent in an inextinguishable blaze. But it is not so easy to believe that they can avoid perceiving that Italy, sooner or later, would be dependent on the expensive assistance of the French. This leads us to another curious reflection on the resemblance between the two illustrious types of incorrigibility. They both of them abuse the French EMPEROR in their discourses, or, at any rate, in their orisons, they remember all his sins; but when the worst comes to the worst, they both shut their eyes to his faults and failings, and are prepared to cower behind the shelter of his eagles. Professing to despise horsemen and princes in the abstract, they are not too proud to speculate on the benefits to be

derived from knowing some princes in particular. No doubt, M. MAZZINI objects loudly on paper to a French protectorate, or even to a French alliance. But he must know in his heart that, in case of war with Austria, Italy would be compelled to accept such an alliance upon any terms. In this apparent inconsistency he imitates His HOLINESS, who in theory wants nothing but pious sympathy from the French Empire, but in practice does not repine when Providence sends him a convenient number of Imperial regiments. When Pio Nono begs the French to leave him, if they choose, to the mercy of the lions, he counts all the while on their doing nothing so inhuman. M. MAZZINI possibly mixes with his unworldliness a similar amount of thrifty calculation. He would be shocked to be guilty of the unpatriotic crime of looking to foreigners for aid. Yet if the choice were—as it probably would be—between Austrian recapture of Lombardy and the salvation of Lombardy by NAPOLEON III., he must indeed be a rarer incorrigible than Pio Nono to prefer the former. Pio Nono and MAZZINI are therefore addicted to the indecorous practice—no common among incorrigibles—of biting the one hand which in time of danger could alone preserve them from destruction.

Events will probably show both M. MAZZINI and the Vatican that compromise may sometimes be wisdom, but certainly that, in the present condition of Europe, incorrigibility is a mistake. In the new Italian Kingdom the Papacy is losing what it never will regain. The Catholic Church in Italy is passing fast from the condition of a State Church into the less advantageous situation of a religious community favoured and salaried by the State. In the French Charter of 1814 the Roman Catholic faith is recognised as the religion of the State. In the Charter of 1830, as in the preamble of the Concordat of the Year IX., that religion became, instead, "the religion professed by the 'majority of the nation.'" The alteration was intentional, and pregnant both with meaning and results. A similar verbal shade would aptly denote the change which is being brought to pass in Italy. Meanwhile, the Papacy has chosen to place itself in a position where it can expect nothing but bare justice from Italian statesmen. Catholicism may survive the breach between Turin and Rome, but the cherished hopes of Ultramontanism must, as a natural consequence, disappear for ever. Another and a less reactionary Pontiff may, indeed, obtain some sort of concessions from the Italian Executive, but will scarcely persuade the Italian Legislature to retrace its steps. In the same way, the incorrigibility of M. MAZZINI draws with it its own chastisement. His obstinacy and blindness have lost him crowds of admirers who might otherwise have been attracted by his sincerity and his misfortunes. Even when Pio Nono leaves Rome, M. MAZZINI will not enter it. The defeat of one incorrigible will not be the triumph of another. Time has taught the Romans, as well as the rest of Italy, what it has not taught M. MAZZINI. The year 1867 will not repeat the errors of twenty years before, for fear of a repetition of all the former failures. New leaders of opinion have arisen, whose notion of politics does not consist in blundering up blindly against Quadrilaterals and Empires, and who know that to exchange the Vatican for Leicester Square would be simply to exchange extreme for extreme, and to peril the safety and welfare of a country whose hopes and fortunes are bound up with the preservation of the golden mean.

• CANADIAN DEFENCE.

IT is not unlikely that after the recess the House of Commons will again indulge in fragmentary debates on the contingent defence of Canada. Every family and every professional circle knows the tendency of an unsatisfactory subject to recur incessantly in conversation. Sensitive persons, especially if they have cultivated the virtue of reticence, abstain from speaking of unpleasant matters when there is no practical use in discussion; but the majority is impatient of silence, and it vaguely hopes to be reassured by contradiction of its own painful forebodings. Parliament is at present, not without sufficient reason, ill at ease when it thinks of Canada. The sudden expansion of the naval and military power of the United States has increased the probability of an attack on the colony, and the difficulty of defending it. The danger is not to be conjured away by a feeble affectation of confidence in the moderation of the probable aggressor. In a recent debate, the leaders of all parties vied in humiliating expressions of good will to America, and their language has been not inaccurately interpreted, by those to whom it was addressed, as an expression of alarm. Mr. SEWARD must have congratulated himself on the success of his significant narrative of the abortive peace negotiations at Fortress Monroe. The

proposal of a joint attack upon England or France, which, according to his statement, was received with favour by the Confederate Commissioners, probably proceeded from the SECRETARY of STATE himself, though he carefully left the origin of the suggestion in doubt. It is disagreeable to receive a warning that an attempt at burglary is probable, and to discover at the same time that the shutters are too small for the windows. The calmest and most judicious householder may be embarrassed by so troublesome a combination of circumstances, but he will not increase his security by issuing placards to declare his perfect reliance on the honesty of his neighbours. As far as it is possible to collect the public opinion of the United States from speeches and newspaper articles, war against England, with or without cause, would be highly popular. If the same process which gratified the general animosity were to double the territory of the Republic, the simultaneous gratification of cupidity and revenge would afford unmixed gratification. The second discharge of the St. Albans prisoners will revive the clamour which had partially died away, especially as the questionable law propounded by Judge SMITH was loudly applauded by a multitude which seems to regard the Americans with a true neighbourly dislike.

There is no disgrace in the confession that England is no match for the United States on the continent of America. Colonial possessions were always hitherto supposed to be held in outlying parts of the world, beyond the reach of great military Powers. It is not without anxiety that Indian statesmen watch the slow advance of Russian dominion in North-Western Asia. In the last century the North American colonies themselves were apparently endangered by the proximity of French Canada and Louisiana, and they could never have attained maturity and independence if they had been conterminous with France itself. Only half a dozen years ago, the Government of the United States, though its language was often menacing, possessed neither an army nor a navy; but when it has 200,000 or 300,000 men unemployed, it will not find an equal adversary in the Western hemisphere. It would be absurd to expect that England should despatch half that number of men to Canada as long as the constitution and organization of the army retain their present character. A democratic revolution, with a conscription as one of its results, affords the only probable method of converting England into a nation of conquerors. The Canadians themselves might perhaps resist invasion successfully if they were thoroughly earnest in the cause, but their warlike enthusiasm has thus far been confined within narrow limits. If the United States were peopled by Russians, by Frenchmen, or by Germans, the colonists of English blood might safely be trusted to render alien dominion impossible; but a Canadian of the Upper Province is so like an American that he may perhaps not be inclined to prevent the obliteration of the remaining differences at the cost of life and fortune. If the Canadians were heartily resolved to maintain their separate existence, the whole power of England would be willingly and hopefully exerted in their defence, but it may become a troublesome duty to countenance a mild repugnance to amalgamation. Any American project of encroachment will probably be preceded and prepared by intrigues which may divide the sympathies of the population. A plausible excuse for a preference of ease to honour is seldom wanting. The colonists understand that, although their country may be the prize and the object of an American war, the quarrel will in the first instance not improbably be fastened on England. A joint defence in which both parties dispute their liability by anticipation is not altogether hopeful.

Mr. LOWE and Lord ELCHO express the opinion of many of their countrymen when they assert that the defence of Canada is impossible; but there is a wide distinction between a probable judgment and the public announcement of a conclusion which is not even certainly true. Whatever may be the true policy of England, there is no occasion to take the Government of Washington and the world at large into the national councils. If American ambition should be directed southward instead of northward, Mexico might perhaps prove not more defensible than Canada; but the French EMPEROR wisely abstains from proclaiming his inability to protect the dynasty which he has created. Any assailant of the Mexican Empire must calculate, at his own risk, the amount of resistance which he undertakes to overcome. An American invader of Canada may carry with him a portable library of Parliamentary speeches and military reports which demonstrate, to the satisfaction of the authors, the feasibility and security of his enterprise. Major ANSON is probably a competent and meritorious officer, but he has not

yet learned that his professional opinions belong to his own Government, and that they are not at his own disposal for the illustration of his sagacity and the information of a possible enemy. Parliamentary indiscretion is not sufficiently excused by the ill-judged candour of the Ministers themselves. There was no occasion for publishing the details of their plan of Canadian fortification, for the excuse that it was necessary to obtain a vote of money is obviously frivolous. The House of Commons would not have hesitated to grant 50,000*l.* for the defence of Canada, on the responsibility of the Government. The scheme itself invites criticism only when Parliament is asked to form an independent judgment on the merits of the question. It was absurdly unnecessary to explain the manner in which the efforts of a future invader are to be baffled. An official proof that a winter campaign in Canada is impracticable would furnish an American General with a sufficient motive for undertaking the enterprise.

If the Government and the Legislature could be induced to keep their own counsel, the course which has been provisionally adopted seems not inexpedient. The invasion of Canada will certainly not be facilitated by the fortification of Quebec and Montreal, and it may possibly be true that only 50,000*l.* can be advantageously expended within the present year. Although the colonists have not hitherto been forward to undertake their own defence, it is possible that they may gradually develop a more ardent patriotism if they receive encouragement from England. The collision which has been so often threatened is not inevitable, and, if peace can be preserved for ten or fifteen years, all the conditions of the contest may possibly be changed. In one respect, a Mexican war is more probable than an invasion of Canada, for it is only in an anarchical country accustomed to civil war that unauthorized adventurers can become, as in Texas, the precursors of national encroachment. A war undertaken for the conquest of Canada must be the deliberate act of the Federal Government, and the state of Quebec, of Montreal, and of Halifax will not fail to be considered when the project is under deliberation. Canada is better able to defend itself than Belgium, but Mr. CORBEN provoked the indignation of all true Belgians when, two or three years ago, he characteristically recommended that Antwerp should be dismantled. If the colonists themselves decline to abide by the understanding which has been established between the Imperial and Provincial Governments, it will become necessary to adopt some other arrangement. The Canadian Ministers appear to have informed their Parliament that England was willing to contribute either 300,000*l.* or 500,000*l.* for the fortification of Quebec. The smaller sum is accurately stated, though only an inconsiderable portion of the amount has been voted during the present Session. If the Canadian delegates who are expected in England have authority to complete the contract, they will find that the House of Commons has already passed the necessary vote. Mr. CARDWELL and his colleagues will show their wisdom in answering all future inquiries as to Canadian defences with the utmost official vagueness.

DREAMS OF REFORM.

IT would be very instructive if it were possible to ascertain how many of the people who read, and even talk and write glibly, about Mr. HARE's plan for securing the representation of minorities have anything like an accurate idea of what that plan is. Of course everybody has a rough notion of the principle which it is designed to carry into practice. But in a matter of this kind it is not more necessary to understand the principle than it is to have a tolerably intimate knowledge of the details. Mr. HARE's scheme professes to stand or fall on questions of detail. If, in the first place, it is impracticable, or if, in the second, even though practicable, it would probably fail to procure the desired ends, it may be safely consigned to the honourable limbo of speculative crotchets. There is a very large number of respectable people who talk with tranquil confidence about the Constitution being saved by the representation of minorities, and hint that, if the Legislature could only be induced to ratify Mr. HARE's project, we should at once enter on an everlasting political millennium. But the number becomes indefinitely small if we take from it all those who talk in this way without having ever studied what Mr. HARE's plan really is, and what it would come to. Mr. HARE and his friends very naturally maintain that it is for lack of being understood that his scheme has hitherto failed to attract more enthusiastic support. It is at least equally open to his opponents to say that, even of those who do support it, a considerable portion would incontinently desert the cause if they had taken more pains

to investigate closely the multitude of objections to which it is open. The enthusiastic and unflinching advocacy of so influential a thinker as Mr. STUART MILL has, no doubt, been the chief reason why so much attention has been paid to Mr. HARE's plan. The excellent sect who are, rather invidiously, beginning to arrogate to themselves the title of "educated Liberals" are in such a strait betwixt two extreme courses that they eagerly seize on the only device which may save them from the necessity of falling into either, and which has been approved by a speculative politician of the highest repute. It is notoriously true that the profoundest comprehension of abstract principles is not the smallest guarantee for an unimpeachable practical judgment. But "the educated Liberals" are shivering on the brink. They cannot bring themselves to resist what they consider the just claims of the non-electors, while they very reasonably shrink from transferring to the uneducated five-sixths unlimited power over the remaining fragment of the community. So, with a querulous impotence, they reproach the Radicals for "quarrelling with their best allies, the educated Liberals," and clutch at an ingenious crotchet for consolation. A straw may show the force as well as the direction of a current, and the contemptuous vehemence with which the Leeds Radicals scouted the wonderful youth who came among them to preach the gospel of "educated Liberalism" is an adequate illustration of the amount of respect with which these "best allies" are likely to be treated. Meanwhile they may go on dreaming dreams and seeing visions, and that sublime body, the National Social Science Association, may very harmlessly occupy itself in providing material for their dreams and visions. The "limited" number of persons who attended on Monday to hear Mr. HARE once more explain his scheme is perhaps ominous of the narrow influence which such proceedings are destined to exert. Even of this limited audience one-half were of the sex which not even Mr. BRIGHT nor Mr. GLADSTONE has yet ventured to declare competent to exercise the franchise.

Mr. HARE wants to have his scheme tried first of all on the metropolitan constituencies. Anybody might become a candidate by paying 50*l.* to the Chamberlain of London, to defray necessary expenses. Each elector would only vote for one man, but of course he might put down any number of names of candidates in his list, numbering them according to the order of his preference. Mr. HARE reckons that these constituencies return twenty-two members. Suppose 88,000 votes were polled. Then 4,000 votes would entitle a candidate to a seat. The returning officer would take the lists, beginning with those sent in by voters for that city or borough for which the person first named was a candidate. As soon as a candidate had got 4,000 votes, his name would be passed over in all the remaining lists when it came first, and the one which stood next below it would be taken instead. Suppose, for example, that A has 20,000 votes, B 15,000, and C 10,000, then "the name of A would be cancelled on 16,000 papers, that of B on 11,000, C on 6,000; "all of which papers would become available for the next "candidates named on them respectively, and would thus "bring up to the number of 4,000 some of those lower on "the poll." As soon as this process is exhausted, supposing only nineteen candidates have got the qualifying number, then the three who had comparative majorities below that would be returned. The question whether a member who had got the qualifying number of votes represented Westminster, or the City, or the Tower Hamlets would be determined by a sufficiently ingenious arithmetical process into which we need not enter. It may be admitted that there is nothing desperately incomprehensible in this mechanism. Still, Mr. MILL went rather too far when he declared that "it is not "anything like so difficult as the multiplication table." Most people will agree with Lord STANLEY, who confessed that, "simple and clear as the plan was to Mr. MILL, he did not "think it was either simple or clear to those who viewed "it for the first time." And this is in itself no small objection to such schemes. The entire machinery connected with the franchise should be the very simplest possible. Considering the immense number of electors who, as it is, look upon voting as a nuisance rather than a privilege, it is a grave demerit in any system that it demands a good deal of study before the elector can quite realize what all the mechanism means, and how it works. Of course this might be taught, but when we remember how many there are who have scarcely an opportunity of learning to read and write, we may justly be chary of increasing the number of things in which a man must have himself instructed.

But Mr. MILL and Lord STANLEY differ equally widely as

to a still more fundamental part of the plan. Its great beauty and merit, Mr. MILL says, is the check which it would give to the interference and power of the great London political clubs. The voters would then have the choice of all the eminent men in the country; the clubs would no longer be able to set up a mere booby with three or four thousand pounds in his pocket; and if they did not send down a man of merit, the electors would choose a man of merit for themselves. Lord STANLEY, on the other hand, is afraid "it will enormously increase the power of the clubs, which now to a certain extent work the election throughout England." Can there be any doubt about it? The resources of party organization are much too ample to be baffled by a neat but unsubstantial barrier of this sort. The majority of those who now vote for club candidates would continue to do so, and instead of the clubs setting up a couple of men for Westminster, Finsbury, and the rest respectively, they would set up two-and-twenty for the metropolitan district. The ordinary elector who now votes for the club candidate would vote for the club "ticket." The order in which he set his twenty-two names down would easily be arranged for him by local associations and secretaries. The extension of the area from a borough to an electoral district would give the Reform and the Carlton a little more trouble, and would require an increased nicety of organization, but they would be more than rewarded by the increased dependence of the elector upon them for directing their choice. As it is, an elector who has to choose among four men is, to a certain extent, competent to criticize their pretensions. But increase the number of candidates from four to a hundred, and he is thoroughly bewildered. The club "ticket" is his only guide, and he will swallow that and pocket the club guineas just as he does now. And even if it were otherwise, the believers in Mr. HARE's scheme seem to think that the great evil of the existing system is the lack of able candidates. But what new motive would there be for the able man to offer himself? Why does he not become a candidate now? For the very good reason that he cannot successfully contend against the man of large wealth or overwhelming local influence. Voters are influenced by all kinds of motives. They may be open to receive a five-pound note, or they may want to please their customers, or they may wish to repay a favour. It may be very wrong to be guided by merely personal motives in the discharge of political duties. Still these motives would be not a whit less powerful if the ablest men in the kingdom were competing with the men who are benefited by such motives being brought into play. The people who give illicit five-pound notes, or threaten to withdraw their patronage from small tradesmen, or are enabled, from superior social position, to confer a host of favours, would be just as likely to beat the man of unassisted ability as they are now.

It would be easy to show, as has been done, that chance must inevitably enter largely into all elections conducted on Mr. HARE's plan. The second candidate may have more votes absolutely than the third, but he must also have more after the lists returning the first have been put aside. This return depends on the set of lists to which accident first directs the returning officer. A mere freak of fortune might decide whether Mr. MILL or Mr. Cox were returned for Finsbury. And there is a second consideration relative to all these schemes for representing minorities which is worth remembering. If the minority is to be protected at an election, why should it continue to be exposed to the domination of the majority in a division? Little is gained by securing the wise few against the many in the first stage, if they are only to be handed over to them fast and bound at a later and more important stage. The importance of a division in the House is vastly greater than the importance of any given election, and if minorities are to owe all their influence to direct numerical representation, instead of to the moderation and fairness of the majority, some device for giving them power in the division-lobby will be urgently necessary. However, the practical value of these discussions may be inferred from the tone of the meeting held at Rochdale on the same evening. "The age of expediency is over," said Mr. POTTER, "and that of principle has come." In other words, the only party which wants what is called Parliamentary Reform will have nothing to do with checks and balances, with ingenious contrivances and neat devices for diluting or neutralizing the despotism of numbers. These are only relics of an age of expediency. The age of principle has come—of the principle, namely, that one man has quite as much right to govern the country as another. What room is there, in a mind which can grasp such a doctrine as this, for schemes which imply that this right is no right at all?

Any tampering with the sublime principle of "manhood" suffrage savours of the exploded doctrine of expediency, and as such would be instantly scouted by every genuine Reformer.

GERMANY AND THE DUCHIES.

AS the singular question of Schleswig and Holstein will probably at some indefinite time receive some kind of solution, it is perhaps convenient that the progress, or rather the state, of the controversy should be occasionally noticed. Austria and Prussia still keep possession of Schleswig, which they have conquered, and of Holstein, which has not been conquered at all. The German population of both Duchies wishes, as far as the facts can be ascertained, for the succession of the legitimate heir, who is also unanimously supported by the minor States of the Confederation. The Austrian Government is willing to concur in the general wish, if Prussia can be induced to acknowledge the AUGUSTENBURG title. Bavaria and Saxony have lately carried in the Diet a resolution which embodies the wishes of all parties, with the important exception of the Power which absolutely controls the decision. The Prussian Government, with an anxious regard for legal accuracy, declines to terminate the provisional occupation of the Duchies until every title, especially including the Prussian claim, is fully investigated. The Prussian lawyers are supposed to have discovered that the Duke of AUGUSTENBURG has not an equal right of succession in different parts of the disputed territory, and a scrupulous Government shrinks from allowing him to enter on a single acre of land without a previous deduction of title. A year and a quarter has passed since all Germany was burning with indignation against the Danish Government on the ground of its violation of the indefeasible right of mutual union between Schleswig and Holstein. In deference to the national feeling, Austria and Prussia repudiated a treaty by which they were formally bound to recognise the dynasty of Glücksburg. It was more important that Schleswig and Holstein should form one undivided State than that the peace of Europe should be preserved. Circumstances have now so far changed that conveyancers are at work to appropriate every separate parcel of land to the proper heir or reversioner under various mediæval settlements. One formidable claimant, not content to rely on parchment titles, has further secured himself by a lien, and asserted it by actual possession.

If the King of PRUSSIA and his Ministers could have patched up their quarrel with the House of Deputies, it might perhaps have been safer to terminate the controversy by formally appropriating the Duchies. On the other hand, it is possible that a policy of aggrandisement may have been pursued in the hope of diminishing internal difficulties. An annexation of adjacent territory is always likely to be popular, and the Prussians have a better excuse for ambition than many other nations. The neighbouring States are too weak to be independent, and, if they are for some purposes technically regarded as foreign, they are not alien in laws, in manners, or in language. All Germany was bent on the acquisition of the harbour of Kiel, and it is evident that, while a port is useless in the absence of a fleet, Prussia is the only Power in the Confederation which can maintain a navy in the Baltic and the North Sea. The KING might consequently hope for the support of his subjects in a project for extending the Prussian frontier, and it seemed peculiarly convenient to illustrate the utility of a powerful army when the Crown was insisting on a more effective military organization. It would not have been surprising if the Ministerial scheme had succeeded, but experience has shown that the Deputies were not to be cajoled. The KING now perhaps hopes to render Parliamentary institutions unpopular, by holding out the possession of the Duchies as the prize of the triumph of absolutism. Yet it may be doubted whether the Opposition would not ultimately be strengthened by the annexation of the coveted provinces. Both in Holstein and in Schleswig, the representatives of the people have for several years been accustomed to thwart every measure which proceeded from the Danish Government. Their liberation is not likely to render them habitually submissive, and their alliance would be welcomed by Prussian Liberals. They are fully aware that before the war the Prussian Minister sneered at their grievances, and that their wishes have since been systematically disregarded.

Although German politics are generally anomalous, it is difficult to believe that the Prussian Government can be well advised in exhibiting systematic contempt for the minor States, and for the Diet as their organ. Bavaria has four

millions of subjects, and a traditional ambition; and even Saxony and Baden may find opportunities of baffling the policy of Prussia. It might be more satisfactory to rule an Empire than to influence a Confederacy, but dependent allies add to the strength of the central Power, and they may be provoked into transferring their allegiance. To the smaller States the alternative of a Prussian connexion is the patronage of Austria, or, in extreme cases, the protection of France. The contumelious postponement of the AUGUSTENBURG claim is offensive to the German Princes, and the dynastic pretensions of Prussia to certain portions of the Duchies outrage the sympathies of the national party. The extreme timidity of the Austrian Government may perhaps be excused by circumstances, but it has largely increased the popular irritation against Prussia; and if the Italian and Hungarian difficulties were less urgent, nothing would be easier than for Austria to form an irresistible German League for the emancipation of Schleswig-Holstein from Prussian tutelage. The prognostication of a French invasion by the MINISTER OF WAR in a late speech at Berlin was, in every point of view, indiscreet. The true and sufficient guarantee against foreign aggression is the union which, even in the incomplete form of the Confederacy, has secured Germany from encroachment, and almost from menace, for fifty years. When the Diet is reduced to insignificance and excluded from the consideration of political questions, some of the minor States may possibly doubt whether they are bound to assist in the defence of the Prussian provinces on the left bank of the Rhine. The present KING, at the beginning of his reign, took care to surround himself with German Princes when he received a visit from the Emperor NAPOLEON; and even during last year's Conference, the Austrian and Prussian Plenipotentiaries refused to proceed to business until the representative of the Diet had arrived in London. For the present, the Prussian Government has contrived to alienate all its German clients, at the same time that it has slighted the chief European Powers, and quarrelled with its subjects at home.

It is barely possible that one desirable result may emerge from the present confusion. The separation of the Northern districts of Schleswig from Denmark was an act of wanton and high-handed injustice, nor can it be doubted that the inhabitants would welcome the opportunity of reunion to their proper country. The Russian Government has steadily urged the restoration of Danish Schleswig, and the Prussian Court might ultimately be inclined to purchase, by a moderate concession, the acquiescence of a powerful ally in the annexation of the remainder of the province. When the subject was last discussed, the Prussian Ministers alleged that it was impossible to surrender a portion of conquered territory; but an utterly absurd argument involves the advantage of being always capable of withdrawal. The more plausible pretext of the essential indivisibility of Schleswig has lost much of its force since the affectation of regarding the rights and wishes of the inhabitants has been finally abandoned. The accidental application of principles of justice or expediency to any portion of this unhappy controversy would be at the same time novel and satisfactory. As long ago as 1851, Lord PALMERSTON incidentally proposed a division of Schleswig between the contending claimants, as a rational solution of a difficulty which had not yet become inextricably complicated through diplomatic activity. The suggestion was revived by non-official writers during the barren discussions which preceded the war; and the English Plenipotentiary at the Conference fell back, when it was too late, on the most simple and obvious termination of the dispute. The modern theory of nationality is only adopted when it happens to coincide with ambitious projects, and, if it were more consistently applied, it would break up almost every considerable European State; but when there is no other reason for choosing between two rival claimants, it may be as well to pay some attention to race, to language, and to sympathy. With or without North Schleswig, Denmark will be only a third-rate State; but the people of the district would probably be happier if they were relieved from the dominion of their German conquerors.

POLITICS AND LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

THE attractive fiction that learned bodies exist in a serene atmosphere of contemplation, undisturbed by gusts of worldly interest or political passion, is constantly illustrated in a way that must be very displeasing to those who believe that the fiction is a reality. The dream of a home for ideas, and a dignified shelter for their originators, is in itself so charming that a man may well be unwilling to awake from it. In earlier ages people used to think of the monastery as a holy

refuge from excitement and turmoil, where men might pursue sound religion and useful learning in celestial tranquillity. The vision was unspeakably comforting, but its brightness gradually wore away, and instead of celestial tranquillity men found all kinds of spitefulness, and petty intrigues, and worldly ambitions. Those who like to look at human nature in the clouds think of universities and academies as their remote ancestors thought of monasteries. Academicians, and fellows of colleges, and professors, in their academic capacity, are supposed to regard only the pure interests of literature and abstract thought. If a man has done good service in this exalted sphere, they are sure to put aside matters of external concern, and unanimously reward him with such honours as they may be able to give. If he has written a good book, or in any way added to the stock of ideas and human knowledge, an academy or a university, forgetting differences on irrelevant subjects, will eagerly hasten to welcome an auxiliary in the common cause. Oxford, for example, in electing a teacher of Sanskrit, would allow herself to be swayed by no considerations save those of scholarship and thought. The choice would be actuated by no motives imported from the heated debates of politicians or the acrid wranglings of theologians. And if one of her sons were eminent as a scholar, or as a teacher of scholarship and letters, she would be impatient at least to pay him his salary. Everybody knows how exactly this beautiful picture of disinterested zeal for learning and scholarly ability represents the conduct and sentiments of an English University. The body, in France, which in some respects most nearly resembles our Universities in character, shows equal alacrity and disinterestedness in the discharge of its duties. As Oxford refused to pay Mr. JOWETT for his Greek lectures, though they are admitted to be the best that can be got, so the French Academy refused to give the prize to M. TAINÉ, though his essay was confessedly the best that was sent in. Mr. JOWETT is reputed to be a theological heretic, and M. TAINÉ is known to be a Positivist. So Archdeacon DENISON in the one case, and M. GUIZOT in the other, decided that, among learned bodies at least, the labourer should not be considered worthy of his hire.

In the main, however, it must be confessed that the Academy does not measure literary or philosophic worth by theological tests. Bishops and archdeacons are alarmed at the advances of that mysterious Gorgon, hydra, or chimera dire, the Spirit of the Age, and, in sympathy with their alarms, rural Masters of Arts estimate the value of literature according to its conformity or antagonism to this indescribable Spirit. The Academy rebels against a triumphant adversary of far more formidable character. Dominant Imperialism is a hydra which may justly inspire hatred and dread. It is much more respectable to confer honour upon a man who has scarcely earned it, in order to spite an autocratic ruler, than it is to deprive a man of what he has earned, in order to pander to a panic-stricken cry. A body that goes out of the path which it was expressly created to follow may be partly excused if the deviation has for its object a protest against despotism. When people go out of the line of their assigned duties simply to strengthen and encourage the tyranny, not of an individual despot, but of popular opinion, their dereliction is rather less pardonable.

The defeat of M. JULES JANIN by M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL in the contest for the vacant arm-chair in the Academy is attributed, and no doubt with justice, to purely political influences. The former is one of the most distinguished of French critics, and has been long a veteran in literature. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL is comparatively a young man, and, though an able journalist, has not attained any high rank in those departments of letters which it is the peculiar business of academies to encourage and watch over. "The Academy's principal function," according to the statutes of its foundation, "shall be to work with all the care and all the diligence possible at giving sure rules to our language, and rendering it pure, eloquent, and capable of treating the arts and sciences." Its office is to promote purity of style, and to obtain recognition for a high standard of taste. Delicacy and beauty of thought and expression are the matters with which it ought to be conversant. How compatible a constant attention to refinement and delicacy, and all other æsthetic excellences, is with the uncompromising vehemence of the French political partisan may be conjectured. If there is one kind of literature more than another which an academy is *not* specially designed to encourage, it is the newspaper article. To be able to write newspaper articles with vigour and matter in them is an admirable gift, but even those who have the gift would be the last to claim for their work a high position among writings of taste and delicacy. A man may have a bad style or a good style, an uncouth or an elegant

style, in newspaper articles, as in every other sort of writing; but the distinctive excellences of a newspaper article would be faults anywhere else. A quick way of looking at everything, and a terse way of putting the superficial view which has been thus gained, are just what a newspaper seeks. If an academy has any business to exist at all, it must exist for the purpose of holding out rewards for a mode of thought and a mode of treatment as different from this as possible. Art, and history, and thought have aspects which cannot be very adequately represented, and have full justice done to them, in a leading article. If there is an academy, surely the only way of utilizing it is to make it an organ for developing these aspects. "All ages," it has been said, "have had their inferior literature; but the great danger of our time is that this inferior literature tends more and more to get the upper place. No one has the same advantages as an academy for fighting against this mischief." And the way in which the French Academy employs its advantages is to elect a man who has become conspicuous in this comparatively inferior literature. M. JANIN, it is true, can scarcely rank as a French classic, but his criticism on art and poetry has done a great deal towards preserving that high and correct standard of taste and tone which is, or ought to be, the Academy's chief care.

Still nobody, it may be presumed, who cares to see the principle of liberty kept alive in France, can find much fault with the decision of the Academy. It is far more important that a body of men illustrious for literary capacity should pronounce even an indirect protest against the enslavement of the press than that they should not postpone the reward of an eminent critic. The protest does not, indeed, teach us anything about French feeling of which we were not aware before. Educated opinion in France is dead against the despotic system of government. This everybody knew. But it is something more to learn that this hostility is active and awake. And the election of M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL is just one of those signs of activity and vigilance which are most forcible, because they are least rash or hasty. ORSINI's bomb was a protest and a token of wakefulness, but it did not signify very much, so far at least as France was concerned. It was unpleasant at the time, certainly, but there was nothing at the back of it. M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL's election is much less urgently disagreeable than the bursting of a bomb under the Imperial carriage, but it means very much more. It is reported that the EMPEROR, upon M. SAINTE-BEUVE giving him official information of the candidate on whom their choice had fallen, asked, "What has he written?" It is scarcely probable that the EMPEROR never heard of M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL, or that he should be ignorant of the writings of an enemy whom his police have thought it worth while so unceasingly to harass and persecute. If, as may be safely assumed, the EMPEROR knows perfectly well both what M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL has written, and what his writing means, his sarcasm was a very poor and unworthy one. At all events, the answer would be much more satisfactory in the case of the able journalist than in that of the author of *L'Histoire de César*. And, of course, the more the candidate's literary merits and reputation are disparaged, the more distinct is the protest implied in his election.

This election is a timely reminder that the scholars and writers of France do not share the doctrines of the Imperial biographer. Important, however, and laudable as is the rebuff thus given to political absolutism, it is scarcely possible that politics should be suffered to have such influence in what ought to be the domain of pure literature, without some injury being inflicted on the latter. A man is all the more likely to excel in the higher branches of literature for having keen political interests and practical sympathies; but his literary power will generally suffer if it is constantly, or even frequently, bent to immediately practical purposes. It cannot be to the advantage of a country to have its best writers divided into hostile camps of political partisans. History is degraded when it is made the instrument of parties and sects; and any other department of literature proper is sure to deteriorate in the same way when it is habitually handled with the view of serving a temporary object, of assailing an adversary or belauding a friend. The more practical literature is, the better, but it must be practical in a large and liberal sense. In France, at the present day, all history is written for party ends. So is most even of contemporary poetry. It is unquestionably mischievous when all the thinkers and writers of a country get into a way of looking at all things through a single medium of politics or religion. We have ourselves suffered enough from a prevalent practice of treating every possible subject from a

theological or sectarian point of view to have some idea of the paralysis which will overtake French thought if it all becomes more or less directly saturated by considerations of practical politics.

THE ST. GILES' INQUIRY.

THOUGH the sufferings of TIMOTHY DALY were unavenged, as far as those were concerned who were immediately responsible for his death, they have not been without benefit to his class. The general sympathy which the tale of them awakened has reached even the ears of the inmates of workhouses, and has inspired them with sufficient hope to induce them to make efforts to protect themselves. A pauper writing to a London magistrate to claim protection for a brother pauper dying of workhouse treatment is quite a new phenomenon in the experience of Poor-law officials. If the example of M'GEE shall spread, one of the worst obstacles in the path of Poor-law reform will have been removed. There is no difficulty in inducing the public to condemn inhumanity to the poor, or in obtaining legislation from Parliament to prevent it when it is shown to exist. The difficulty is that the evidence of malpractices, however convincing to the minds of all independent persons who study the question, is not perfect enough to support legislative interference. It consists usually in the information given by paupers themselves to those who take an interest in them. Such evidence in each particular case is, of course, weak enough; but it carries with it a general conviction that maltreatment does exist, when the same tale is repeated with little variation in a great number of different instances. This general evidence, however, though it leaves a general impression on the mind, will not authenticate one individual case; and, without a proved case, it is hard for a Minister or a Legislature to interfere. Hitherto the paupers have never come forward willingly as witnesses before a Court. Those who can get out of the workhouse are glad to forget it, trusting to their good luck never to see the inside of it again. Those who are forced to remain there have too much cause for fearing the anger of the authorities to venture on public complaint. The boldness of M'GEE, if it only finds imitators, will mark a great step in advance. It may deter those who, in their obscurity, can afford to laugh at rebukes from the Poor-law Board or indignant letters in the *Times*. The knowledge that their victims are likely to appeal to Sir THOMAS HENRY may extract humanity even from relieving officers and pauper nurses.

The case of the St. Giles' workhouse is not yet closed, and it is therefore impossible to form any decisive judgment as to the amount of blame due to the authorities in that parish. From her own confession, it is evident that the duties of the nurse were performed in a most perfunctory manner. But it is also evident that the tragic issue was the result of no very unusual causes, but of mere commonplace carelessness and neglect. There is no evidence as yet of gross inhumanity on the part of the superior authorities. The Guardians did not know of the malpractices that were going on, because no pauper had ever appealed to them; and the paupers never appealed to them, because they did not know who they were, or how to reach them. The Guardians were evidently satisfied with making orders which, if they had been honestly executed, might possibly have been open to no serious objection; and when they had done so, they left their subordinates to carry out their orders as they might think fit. Their example was duly followed by each gradation in the workhouse hierarchy. Each seemed to look upon the act of giving an order as equivalent to pulling the handle of a machine. If you pull the handle, of course the machine works; and if you give an order, of course your subordinates execute it. The Board gave orders to the master, and the master gave orders to the paid nurse, and the paid nurse gave orders to the pauper nurses; and each received from his subordinate a report that his order had been executed. Everything went on as regularly as possible, but in the meantime paupers were dying in the corners of dark cellars, in a state of unspeakable wretchedness and neglect; and the coroner's jury have found, and justly found, that death was accelerated by the neglect of the whole of the officials connected with the workhouse.

It is evident that there must be a defect in the workhouse system, or censure upon it would not form so large a portion of newspaper correspondence, nor enter so frequently into the verdicts of coroners' juries. But there appears to be no ground for charging intentional inhumanity upon the Guardians. The defect of the system is want of superintendence. Everything is practically left to the kindness of the lowest class of

officers employed—those who come into actual contact with the paupers themselves; and this is precisely the class who are least to be trusted with such a discretion. Constant contact with suffering produces insensibility in all except the most disciplined minds; and relieving officers, porters, and nurses have not received from education any training likely to counteract the deteriorating influence of their daily occupation. Yet the work must be trusted to people of this sort. The duty of discriminating between mendicancy and misfortune is not of that attractive kind that it will be undertaken by spirits of a very elevated order. Like scavenging or cinder-sifting, it must be done; and those who want it done must, as a rule, take anybody for the purpose they can get—especially when the process is to be conducted with a good deal more regard to the ratepayers' interests than to Christian principles. The same is true of workhouse nurses. Mr. FARNALL recommends trained and paid nurses, and good specimens of that class may no doubt be found. But it is generally admitted, by those who know them, that Mrs. GAMP was not an overdrawn picture. The temptations to misconduct are enormous—uncontrolled power, the nervous depression consequent on long watching, easy access to stimulants, and the callousness to suffering produced by long familiarity. If to these incentives be added a probable security from detection, it becomes almost a certainty that a large percentage of the class will neglect their duty. In France and Belgium the difficulty is met by the employment of Sisters of Mercy, who enjoy a good reputation as nurses. Apart from a higher motive, which no doubt operates powerfully, there is this advantage in unpaid and unforced labour, that it will not be continued any longer than the inclination to perform it efficiently lasts. But this remedy is hardly within our reach. All attempts to set up sisterhoods, except on the smallest scale, have failed, partly because it seems to be antipathetic to the genius of the national religion, and still more because the males of an English household look upon such an investment of their marriageable females as a dead loss to the family. Nothing remains, therefore, but more efficient superintendence. Paid nurses—that is to say, nurses paid at a higher rate than a pot of beer daily—should be employed; and they should be thoroughly looked after. It ought to be impossible for a head-nurse to have her gowns made up by the under-nurses in consideration of overlooking their peccadilloes. It ought not to be left to the uncontrolled discretion of the pauper nurses whether they would distribute the beer to the patients or whether they would prefer to drink it themselves. It ought not to be an acknowledged feature of workhouse management, as described in this case by the head-nurse herself, that "some of the nurses did get tipsy when they went out, and when they came home in that state they were put into the refractory ward generally." That a set of women, some of whom habitually got drunk whenever they had a chance, should be trusted, unwatched, with the distribution of the patients' beer, is a specimen of administrative arrangement that could not have been found outside a London workhouse.

More effective superintendence is not, however, a very easy thing to get. In the management of gaols, it is obtained by the appointment of visiting justices; but visitors of the same class could not be secured for union workhouses, especially in large towns. A system of paid inspectorship, sufficiently powerful to establish a genuine supervision over the details of workhouse management, would involve an addition to the cost of the Poor-law which many parishes would find it difficult to bear. There is only one cheap substitute for effective supervision, and that is publicity. It is a substitute which has the advantage of costing nothing, and at the same time being far more effective than the machinery it is designed to replace. But it is one that the Boards of Guardians will very reluctantly adopt. It will expose them to the pressure and control of public opinion, under which most other portions of the public service have been placed with much advantage, but from which they have been in a great measure exempt. But a parochial dignitary resents being called to account by a correspondent in a newspaper far more indignantly than the highest officer in a department of the Central Government. The fact that the discipline is distasteful may, however, only prove that it is salutary. It would not, of course, be possible to throw open the workhouses without any restriction to the visits of curious persons. Some kind of security must be taken against misconduct, and sufficient trouble must be given to discourage those who are inspired by no stronger motive than mere inquisitiveness. A perpetual stream of friends of humanity pouring through the wards, and encouraging the paupers to

insubordination by asking for their pitiful story, might make a large workhouse a difficult establishment to govern; and the embarrassment would be still greater if the bed-sides of the patients became the arena for the battles of doughty controversialists. But such evils might be avoided by requiring some such condition as a pass from a justice or other responsible authority. There can be no doubt that a limited publicity of this kind would absolutely prevent some of the worst of the cruelties that have created so much just offence. It would have been impossible that GIBSON should have been permitted to lie for days in a state of loathsome neglect so terrible that the newspapers shrink from publishing the details, if all observation except that of the drunken pauper nurses had not been rigorously excluded.

AMERICA.

THE fate of Richmond, if not of the Confederacy, will probably be determined within a few weeks. General LEE's spirited attempt to anticipate the enemy was baffled by the strength of the Federal works. It is probable that the proportionate losses on either side may have been inaccurately stated by the Northern papers, but an equal expenditure of life would be far more heavily felt by the weaker belligerent, who is at the same time remote from reinforcement. The recent interview of GRANT and SHERMAN has been immediately followed by the commencement of active operations. Nearly the whole army from the north bank of the James has crossed the river to support the Commander-in-Chief; and SHERIDAN, with the troops which lately occupied the Shenandoah Valley, now leads the Federal advance in Western Virginia. Although SHERMAN is still far to the south, he communicates freely with GRANT by sea, if not by land, and it will probably be in his power to occupy JOHNSTON while LEE bears the weight of GRANT's formidable attack. Beyond the mountains, General THOMAS has been ordered to move from Knoxville in the direction of Lynchburg, and it is not known that any considerable Southern force defends the frontier of Virginia and East Tennessee. The Northern Americans have learned many things in the course of a four years' war, and their most useful lesson consists in the discovery of generals who know how to profit by superiority of numbers and resources. In the earlier campaigns, ambitious combinations were constantly defeated through the incapacity of commanding officers and the imperfect discipline of troops. The Confederates are now exposed to imminent danger, because they are menaced from different quarters by generals such as GRANT and SHERMAN and THOMAS; yet it would be premature to divide the lion's skin while the chase is still proceeding. Only a year ago, General GRANT's elaborate scheme of campaign against Richmond failed in all its parts, as well as in its principal object. BUTLER was repelled in front of Petersburg; HUNTER was routed in the Shenandoah; and GRANT himself was forced to approach Richmond from the south, instead of carrying out his intention of cutting the western communications. As long as General LEE commands an unbroken army of veterans, the Confederate cause is not wholly desperate. Even the evacuation of Richmond, unless it involved a decisive defeat in the field, would not necessarily terminate the campaign. In one direction, at least, there is a practicable opening in the toils by which LEE is partially surrounded. The coloured troops which guard the Virginian peninsula might easily be overwhelmed, nor would any serious obstacle intervene between the James and the Potomac. Many reasons might deter LEE from the policy of assuming the offensive; but a march upon Washington would be preferable to surrender, or to a hopeless contest between Richmond and the line of the Roanoke.

The PRESIDENT has ordered the celebration of the fourth anniversary of the war by a ceremony which probably suits the taste of his countrymen. On the 14th of April, 1861, the flag of Fort Sumter was lowered by Major ANDERSON, after an innocuous cannonade. The same officer is ordered to replace the flag on the 14th of April, 1865, under salutes from guns placed on the sites of the former Confederate batteries. Mr. LINCOLN's inaugural speech on the 4th of March showed a graver and sounder appreciation of the history and nature of the struggle. It is strange that he should employ Mr. H. W. BEECHER to desecrate the occasion by a vulgarly fluent declamation. If any of the real citizens of Charleston are compelled to be present, they may remember, with honourable pride, that the whole force of the Federal army and navy was insufficient to recapture Fort Sumter until larger military combinations, commencing hundreds of

miles away, had rendered the evacuation of the city unavoidable. The decision of Fortune, or, in other words, the effect of moral and material causes, ought always to be regarded with respect; and the occupation of Charleston by the troops of the United States, after four years of war, has proved that the Federals were stronger than their opponents. Although, however, the original secession may have been imprudent, no additional light has been thrown by recent events on the justice of the quarrel. The explosion of whole barrels of gunpowder, and the bluster of innumerable demagogues, only shows that the stronger party is vain of its strength, and that it desires to humiliate a defeated enemy. If the people of South Carolina were at leisure for volleys and bonfires, they also might boast that, with their associates in the war, they have kept at bay during several campaigns the Power which daily proclaims itself, through a thousand speaking-trumpets, the greatest and most warlike upon earth. *Te Deums* for military success are too customary to be regarded as deliberately profane, but the old Pagan instinct of propitiating NEMESIS by a deprecatory reserve was a wholesome form of superstition. A nation which makes a mouthpiece of Mr. BEECHER or Mr. BROWNLOW seems to tempt some retribution from destiny.

The efforts of the Confederates to keep up their spirits by confident language are far more excusable; but it is not necessary to accept the assertion that the loss of the Atlantic ports is insignificant, or that Richmond itself could be spared with little injury to the cause. The project of a retreat into some impenetrable interior is too indefinite to be satisfactory. There are, indeed, extensive regions still unoccupied by the Federal forces; but large armies require for their support cities, roads, and navigable rivers, and not mere forests and prairies. It might still be possible to defend Georgia, if the State were thoroughly well affected to the Confederacy, and if the main army could be transferred to the South-West when it is forced to retire from Virginia. Florida also is independent, and it has lately repelled a Federal expedition; but the greater part of the State is little better than a desert, and its forts are either occupied by the enemy or blockaded. The country beyond the Mississippi is perhaps tenable, and it is supposed that the Confederate forces in the West are still considerable. As long as the principal struggle is maintained in the Atlantic States, the remoter districts are comparatively safe from invasion. As Confederate writers sometimes boast, Texas alone equals in size and in fertility the large portion of Europe which lies between the English Channel and the Adriatic; but superficial magnitude is an imperfect measure of military and political resources. While France, Italy, and Germany contain a hundred millions of people, Texas is inhabited by as many thousands. The State was wrested from Mexico only five-and-twenty years ago by a handful of American adventurers, and the German settlers, who form an appreciable part of the population, are believed to favour the Union. If, however, any considerable part of the Confederate army should take refuge in Texas, the reconquest of the country might present considerable difficulties. The vast grazing districts would supply food in the most available form, and the State possesses the advantage of a long land frontier which cannot be blockaded. Federal armies operating against Texas would almost certainly be involved in disputes with the Mexican authorities, and the alliance of Mexico would give the Confederates a new access to the outer world. The unknown wilds of Arizona and New Mexico would be open to the defenders of Texas, and it is possible that they might receive assistance from the disaffected party in California. The amiable journalists of New York, who are already anticipating the lawless seizure of Mexican territory by the disbanded soldiery after the termination of the war, have forgotten that Texas is nearer, and that adventurers from the Northern States may perhaps not be enthusiastically devoted to the Union.

Although many difficulties still await the Federal Government, the sanguine confidence of the community is at present not unnatural. The finances are relieved from immediate pressure by the rapid absorption of a loan of 30,000,000*l.*; and the conscription, which is cheaper and more equitable than enlistment by enormous bounties, is apparently proceeding without opposition. The new recruits are persuaded that their services will scarcely be required in the field, and large and small capitalists hope that the value of their investments will be largely increased by the early conclusion of peace. The popular complacency naturally utters itself through BEECHERS and saluting batteries, and it must be admitted that a nation which delighted in proclaiming its own merits, before it had a

history, is now entitled to boast of not inconsiderable exploits. The warlike vigour of democratic institutions has been abundantly illustrated. Experience must show whether the great military power which has been created will be hereafter used for purposes of aggression. The cheapness of land, and the high rate of wages, will diminish the dangers which are to be apprehended on the disbandment of the contending armies. According to Mr. DISRAELI, a territorial democracy is disposed to be peaceable. It is more certain that profitable employment at home disinclines men to enlist in the army.

BANKRUPTCY REFORM.

THE last Bankruptcy Act is conspicuous among the specimens of modern legislation which have been sent adrift from Parliament in a hopelessly unseaworthy condition. In its principles, Lord WESTBURY'S Bill was, in some respects, a great advance on former legislation. It went as far as was considered practicable, in the then feeling of the House and the country, towards the abolition of imprisonment for debt; and it attempted to meet the desire of the commercial classes for cheap realization of assets by enabling creditors to take the winding-up of an insolvent estate into what is called their own hands—that is to say, into the hands of a little knot of friendly or jobbing creditors, greedy accountants, and sharp solicitors. Whatever were the errors of principle involved in the existing Act, they were the deliberate choice of the very commercial class which is now, with riper experience, clamouring against them. If the Act had really done what it was intended to do, it would probably have failed to give satisfaction; but it was drawn with such scandalous negligence or want of skill, it has been torn to pieces with so much zeal by the Bench, and it has been worked so badly by officials who had been opposed to it from the first, that its utter failure proves very little, one way or the other, for or against the theory on which it was built. No one can say that the renewed investigation of the subject was uncalled for, though it may well be doubted whether the recommendations of the Select Committee will settle the law of bankruptcy on a permanent or satisfactory basis.

The first recommendation is perhaps the only one that will command general assent; and that is, that imprisonment, as a means of enforcing payment of debts, shall be absolutely abolished except in cases where an intention to abscond is proved. This is the legitimate conclusion of the legislation on the subject which has been slowly advancing during the whole of the present reign. The contrast between the proposed system and that which prevailed thirty years ago, when the first intimation which a man received of a claim against him came in the form of a forcible imprisonment, is striking enough; but it is only one of many transitions from the barbarous legal maxims which we inherited from our forefathers to the more rational and humane ideas of the present day. But this change, however good in itself, has very little to do with the real difficulty. Another knotty question which has been much discussed is solved by the Committee in an equally trenchant manner. It has always been assumed that the two great objects to be kept in view in dealing with insolvent debtors were, first, to secure a speedy and inexpensive distribution of the property of the insolvent; and, secondly, to check the growth of reckless or fraudulent bankruptcies by visiting the more conspicuous offenders with penal consequences, either in the shape of actual imprisonment or of a refusal of the discharge which is ordinarily given to the bankrupt in exchange for the absolute surrender of his assets. Creditors in any particular bankruptcy naturally attach more importance to the amount of the dividend than to the punishment of even the most fraudulent of insolvents, and the commercial view of the subject has always been opposed to any expenditure of the assets in an investigation of transactions which cannot be undone. It is possible that this notion may prove a little shortsighted, for, if absolute immunity is secured to fraud for want of a prosecutor, the loss to the mercantile community may very easily grow to an amount far beyond all the expenses which are now occasionally incurred in bringing an offender to justice. Under the existing law, there are certain commercial offences, of a specially grave character, which are punishable only after a jury trial; but the power of refusing or suspending the bankrupt's discharge may also be exercised whenever the conduct of the debtor is such as to bring him, in the opinion of the Court, within the quasi-penal provisions of the statute. The Committee have so far adopted the commercial theory as to recommend that a bankrupt who makes a full disclosure of his dealings shall not be subject

to any investigation with a view to penal consequences in the Court of Bankruptcy. But they seem, at the same time, to have felt that it would be dangerous to let every bankrupt go scot free, or, what is the same thing, to leave it to individual creditors to prosecute him; and they have accordingly adopted a sort of test of criminality, which will undoubtedly save the expense of an investigation, though only at the cost of injustice. It is an intelligible proposal that a merely unfortunate bankrupt should receive his discharge, and that those who have got into trouble by fraud, or recklessness approaching to fraud, should still be left at the mercy of their creditors till they have paid the uttermost farthing. But to discriminate the honest from the dishonest bankrupt requires investigation, and investigation costs money; and accordingly it is suggested that every bankrupt who pays a good dividend shall be dealt with as honest, and that those who pay bad dividends shall suffer the consequences which attach to fraud. By some reasoning which does not appear on the face of the Report, the Committee have persuaded themselves that justice, or at any rate convenience, will be consulted by giving a discharge in every case where the estate pays 6s. 8d. in the pound, and refusing it, or, what is much the same thing, suspending it for six years, wherever the dividend is of less amount. Many of the recommendations of the Committee are borrowed from the law of Scotland, but it is creditable to the Scottish statute that this project of punishing a bankrupt, not for his conduct, but for his poverty, is not drawn from that source. The granting of the discharge is, in Scotland, a judicial act, after a full opportunity has been given to every one concerned to investigate in open court the conduct of the bankrupt. Direct penal inflictions, it is true, are left in Scotland to the ordinary tribunals; but before this system can be transplanted to England we ought to have a public prosecutor, who will see that a grossly fraudulent trader shall not escape punishment merely because he pays 6s. 8d. in the pound. Before any legislation can be founded on this portion of the Report, some modification must be introduced in a plan which measures punishment by poverty, and not by crime.

The essence of the Report, however, consists in the revolution proposed in the machinery for the collection and distribution of a bankrupt's assets. The present law provides two distinct methods of administering an insolvent estate. One of these is by means of composition deeds, worked by trustees selected or accepted by the creditors; and the other by means of assignees, who are equally the choice of the creditors, but who act under the direction of the Court. A good deal of the discredit which has fallen upon the law is due to the fact that the term Bankruptcy is applied only to the second process, and that the costs of working under the Act are commonly estimated by that alone. According to the estimate of the LORD CHANCELLOR, the total assets of the estates wound up during the last year under the provisions of the Act were about four millions and a-half, of which nearly four millions were administered under statutory deeds. Not only did these compositions swallow up about seven-eighths of the whole business, but they absorbed nearly all the substantial estates, leaving only the worst class of cases to pass through the Bankruptcy Court, in the strict sense of the word. The smaller the assets are, the larger must be the percentage of expenses, and the consequence is, that the really extravagant machinery of an English bankruptcy appears much worse than it is, from the abstraction of the larger estates. The common comparison between the cost of a Scotch sequestration, which has been variously stated at from 12 to 20 per cent., and the expense of an English bankruptcy, which is commonly not less, and often much more, than 30 per cent., is a very fallacious test of the relative merits of the two systems; for it is not unlikely that, if compositions were so far discouraged as to reduce them to as small a proportion as they bear in Scotland, the percentage returns, even under the existing law, would not be very different in the two countries. If the small estates should still be loaded with costs on the present scale, no good would be done by merely throwing the whole into one mass, so as to improve the average percentage; and until it is more clearly shown than has yet been done that small estates are administered more cheaply in Scotland than in England, we shall venture to doubt whether the percentages so often quoted have any bearing on the matter. There is no doubt that the expenses are monstrous, under the English Act, in all cases where the assets are small; but we are not sure that the scheme of the Committee will lead to anything more than an apparent reduction, and there are many considerations which need to be well weighed before it can be finally adopted. Its leading feature is the practical abolition of

the whole system of composition deeds which is now applied to seven-eighths of the property of insolvent firms. It is true that arrangements by deed are still included among the methods of administration proposed by the Committee; but the condition is re-imposed that every such deed shall assign the whole property of the bankrupt, and compositions, in the sense of a release on payment of a guaranteed dividend, as well as all inspectorship deeds, are intended to be excluded from the provisions of the law. This might, no doubt, by throwing many more estates into the regular course of bankruptcy, reduce the percentage of expenses without any real improvement in the machinery; but even if the economy were real, as well as apparent, the feeling of the City must be very much changed if a practical prohibition of the quieter modes of winding up would be well received. The great advantage of these deeds of arrangement is not their economy of administration, which is questionable, to say the least, but the preservation of a business which may be very valuable as a going concern, though it would give but poor results if cut to pieces for distribution. It is often possible for an embarrassed trader, with such assistance from friends as is generally available, to pay his creditors a larger dividend than his assets, if sold, would realize, and yet in the end to retrieve his position and save an established business from destruction. This is done over and over again by means of the composition deeds which the Committee would in effect abolish; and though it is true that trustees under such deeds (and we should imagine also under the Scotch system) are often lax in the admission of doubtful debts, the evil scarcely counterbalances the real benefits which have made this mode of winding up so much more popular than a formal bankruptcy. The suggestion that the machinery of a Scotch sequestration should be substituted for that of an ordinary bankruptcy, which is in effect what the Committee propose, may be right enough. No change could well be for the worse, and some portion of the expected economy might perhaps be secured. But this might be done without sweeping away the only system which has been found to work tolerably; and the ingenuity of the Committee would perhaps have been better exercised in an endeavour to frame provisions on the subject explicit enough to stand the criticism of the courts of common law, by which a great part of the existing statute has been reduced to an absolute nullity.

We cannot take leave of the Committee without noticing what is perhaps the weakest of all their proposals. In some shape or other it is clear that there must be a Court of Appeal to decide the difficult questions which constantly arise in the administration of bankrupt estates. Lord WESTBURY'S proposal of a Chief Judge was rejected by the jealousy of the House of Commons, and much of the ill-working of the statute may be traced to the retention of the old judicial staff. The project of the Committee is far enough from both these plans. They would sweep away every existing commissioner and official (at what cost in respect of compensation it is terrible to contemplate), and give primary jurisdiction to almost every Court in the kingdom, with an appeal to the united body of all the law and equity judges of the Superior Courts. As very few of them would ever find time to sit, the result would be a chance tribunal of one or two judges, whose decisions would inevitably vary with the composition of the Court. Of all the possible forms of an appellate Court this is certainly the worst that a perverse ingenuity could devise. After the experience of past failures, it is not likely that Parliament will legislate in haste on a scheme so crude as that which is now put forward; but, however imperfect as a whole, it contains some elements which may be advantageously worked into the next Bankruptcy Bill which a courageous Legislature may venture to construct.

MR. MILL ON THE PHILOSOPHY OF COMTE.

THE present number of the *Westminster Review* contains an elaborate article by Mr. Mill on the philosophy of Comte. It fills sixty-seven pages, and contains a careful statement of the results of Comte's earlier and more valuable speculations, together with an account of the principal points in which Mr. Mill's own views diverge from them, and of the reasons of this divergence. In many ways the article is one of the highest interest. An account of the views of one of the greatest philosophers of the age by the most eminent of living philosophers must always be instructive; but it becomes specially important when it shows what are the points of divergence between the English and French sections of a school of which it is impossible to deny the immense and increasing success, however much that success may be regarded by particular persons as a matter of regret. We need not follow Mr. Mill at length in his account of Comte's doctrines. Every one who cares about the subject knows

in general their character. The earlier and better speculations were devoted to the re-arrangement of the physical sciences in their natural order, and to an attempt to show how the study of the phenomena of society might be pursued in the same spirit, and considered as a step in advance in the same progress. Of the later writings, in which Comte gave to the world that strange parody upon religion which might be described as Popery conducted upon atheistical principles, Mr. Mill says nothing in his present article, though he states his intention of examining it on some future occasion. The most novel and interesting parts of his present article are those which show the differences between two thinkers who have very much in common, and who have exercised perhaps a deeper influence on their generation than any other two writers of our time.

The first great difference between Comte and Mr. Mill consists in the difference between their conceptions of the place and importance of logic. Mr. Mill observes that the philosophy of science consists of two main parts—the methods of investigation and the requisites of proof. How ought men to set about the task of inquiry? What sort of results should they demand as the condition of being satisfied? Of Comte's success in discussing the first of these questions Mr. Mill speaks in the most enthusiastic way. "Nowhere," he says, "is there anything comparable in its kind to his survey of the resources which the mind has at its disposal for investigating the laws of phenomena." "Not less admirable," he adds, "is his survey of the most comprehensive truths that have been arrived at by each science." Great, however, as these results are, the question still remains, "When a result has been reached, how shall we know that it is true?" According to Mr. Mill, the weakness of Comte's writings is that he not only throws no light on this question, but takes a negative line upon it, and finally arrives at the conclusion that the "main problem of logic properly so called," the problem of supplying a test of inductive proof, must be given up as insoluble. This is closely connected with his repugnance to the use of the word "cause," even in that sense in which, as Mr. Mill observes, he might have used it with perfect consistency.

The full explanation of this matter is very curious, and no doubt sets the difference between Mr. Mill and Comte in the clearest light. The popular notion of a cause always was, and perhaps still is, a power or energy by which the effect is in some manner produced. Most people probably suppose that, when it is said that a stab causes a wound, something more is meant than the mere fact that the propulsion of the knife is immediately followed by a division of the flesh, the rush of blood, &c. The denial that there is anything more in causation than antecedence and consequence was, as is well known, the cardinal tenet of Hume, and it has been maintained ever since in different forms by his Scotch and English disciples. These writers, however, and especially Mr. Mill, have always maintained that, though there is in causation nothing more than constant antecedence and consequence, yet in this sense the word causation may and ought always to be used. It is Mr. Mill's cardinal doctrine that all our experience, as far as it goes, assures us of the fact that every phenomenon whatever will, upon due examination, be found to be invariably and unconditionally preceded, and in that sense caused, by some other phenomenon; and from this capital proposition the whole of his theory of logic is deduced. Comte's view of the subject was different. Observing that people in general attached to the word "cause" the sense of an occult power in the antecedent over the consequent, and disbelieving the existence of such powers, he rejected the word "cause" altogether from his system, and proclaimed on all occasions that he had nothing to do with, or to say to, causes, and that he confined himself exclusively to the investigation of laws. In fact, he treated the matter as if there were such things as causes in the popular sense—causes distinct from those invariable sequences to which Hume and his disciples applied the name, although, for some reason or other, he was excluded from inquiring into them. He thus missed the fact which the word, when properly used, was fitted to record, and we think Mr. Mill is right in saying that this omission has weakened the logic of his writings, and of those of his principal disciples. It would require a good deal of examination to give chapter and verse for the assertion, but we think that those competent to give an opinion will be inclined to admit that there is in Positivist writings a certain vagueness and inconclusiveness which greatly detracts from their effect. They are apt to be like chains with nothing at the end to fasten them with. The last link is always wanting. You can believe the doctrine if you like, but there is no compulsion about it. Positivist arguments are rather persuasive than convincing.

Mr. Mill, on the other hand, contends that his own system is not open to the same observation. He makes what he calls "the law of universal causation" the foundation of his whole system, and draws from it the inference that "a general proposition inductively obtained is only then proved to be true when the instances on which it rests are such that, if they have been correctly observed, the falsity of the generalization would be inconsistent with the constancy of causation." This, as well as the criticism on M. Comte, we agree with. It certainly is the fact that Mr. Mill's writings do at any rate tend to clinch the matters to which they relate. They seldom or never leave things at a loose end. It must, however, be observed that Mr. Mill's own theory is open to an observation which to some minds may appear formidable, though we think it may easily be pressed too far. His "law of universal causation" rests upon simple observation. We see in

innumerable instances that certain sequences do exist invariably as far as our means of observation extend, and we assume this to be universally true; but it is obviously possible that the assumption may be false—that the principle may not apply, for instance, in distant planets, or in departments of things which do not come, or which come very seldom, under our observation. Hence the "universal law" resolves itself ultimately into a very strong impression on our imaginations, produced by a degree of experience which, though certainly considerable, falls infinitely short of being universal. It is, in fact, a conjecture founded upon a strong impression on the imagination; for what other assurance have we, or can we have, of the permanence of nature? How can we know that to-morrow morning fire will burn, or lead sink in water, or iron swim in quicksilver? Our assurance, in these and in all other cases, arises from our past experience; but that tells us and can tell us nothing as to the future, though it may and does exercise so powerful an influence over our imaginations that we can think of the future in no way but one. To scepticism carried to this length neither Mr. Mill nor any one else has any answer, but it may fairly be said that no answer is wanted. Every one is willing to take his chance of mistakes caused by acting on an impression which, in point of fact, no one can resist, or thinks of attempting to resist; and every reasonable person will admit that more cannot be required of any system of philosophy than that its author should be able to say, "Assuming that there are such things as investigation and proof, here is a specification of the mode of arriving at them." The existence of truth and its permanence are always presupposed as conditions precedent to any system of philosophy.

The second great difference between Comte and Mr. Mill consists in their view of the proper way of studying human nature. Comte, says Mr. Mill, "rejects totally, as an invalid process, psychological observation properly so called, or, in other words, internal consciousness, at least as regards our intellectual operations." This is a most important distinction for many reasons, but especially because the fact that Mr. Mill does not reject such observations renders his philosophy far more friendly to religion than that of Comte, which, indeed, was opposed to every form of it which has hitherto exercised any appreciable influence in the world. It is self-evident that the truth of the doctrines of prayer, grace, and the like must be proved, if at all, by evidence as to what takes place in particular minds, and that, if all psychological inquiry is rejected as idle, belief in all this side of religion must inevitably be shut out. On the other hand, psychological inquiry properly conducted can hardly fail to throw great light upon these subjects. For instance, the nature of prayer, its effects on the mind of the person who prays, and the way in which those effects are produced, are legitimate objects of psychological inquiry; and the doctrine of prayer may have a positive foundation in the system of Mr. Mill, though in that of Comte it can have none.

When Mr. Mill comes to consider Comte's theories on the philosophy of society—or sociology, as he first called it—the differences between them are shown to be considerable, and of great practical importance. Everywhere, for instance, Mr. Mill is at issue with Comte on the subject of his intense dogmatism. Comte was as dogmatic as Hobbes, or, if possible, more so. He regarded all the theories of modern liberalism with as much dislike as Dr. Newman himself; except, indeed, in so far as he held them to be necessary evils through which other and even more formidable evils had been cast out. They are, he thought, mere instruments of attack by which the old state of things was overthrown; but, having served their turn, they ought to be laid on one side. The most important of these doctrines is the doctrine of "the absolute right of free examination, or the dogma of the unlimited liberty of conscience." Legal liberty Comte would have allowed, but the moral right of men to question the decisions of competent authority he denied. As most of our readers no doubt know, he wished to institute a terribly powerful spiritual authority, competent to dictate to mankind on all conceivable subjects, as the proper counterpoise to the prevailing anarchy of opinion. Mr. Mill has many excellent observations on this subject. He says, for instance, with great truth, that the doctrines to which Comte objected were not merely negative, but embodied positive conclusions of the greatest importance. The doctrine, for instance, of liberty of conscience is by no means to be taken to mean that it does not matter what a man thinks, and that he is under no moral obligation to do his best to form true opinions. What it really means is, that if people are wanted to form true opinions, they must not be visited with any kind of penalties whatever, either in the shape of legal punishments or of moral censures, for holding false ones. In other words, the truth of a true doctrine is shown by experience to be its most effective sanction, and the interest which people have in believing what is true will be found to form the best security for their believing it—a security far better in every way than the establishment of any organization whatever. Heartily as we agree with Mr. Mill in this view, we doubt whether he sufficiently attends to the provocation which Comte received from those who, on the Continent, have advocated Liberal opinions. As a matter of fact, they generally do base their doctrines, not on solid grounds, but on some fanciful theory about absolute rights, and the form of their propositions is often so absurd that no degree of sympathy with the substance will entirely reconcile one to it. The Pope's *Encyclical*, for instance, condemns eighty propositions which collectively make up, or are supposed to make up, the doctrines of modern Liberalism. Yet

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English Liberals in general would dissent from almost every one of them, even whilst they agreed substantially with the opinions of those who maintain them.

ENVY.

AMONG the dogs that have each their day we may surely reckon the vices. Not that any vice is ever really out of fashion, but each has, as it were, its heroic period, and then lurks for a time with a certain shamefacedness, as if afraid to be seen. Into this retirement we are disposed to think the passion of envy is now withdrawn. It hides about, more or less, in the hearts of most of us, so that any one who makes sufficient inquiry of himself will know by experience as well as observation what envy means; but it does not stand out in picturesque hideousness as the great actor in the world's tragedies. These are not the days of envy's more conspicuous triumphs—its ostracisms, tyrannies, treacheries, cabals, conspiracies, detractions. Whether it is only a lull or not—whether there may be some enormous envy brooding in secret and biding its time, as alarmists sometimes hint—still "public envy" is not the potent agent it has often been. We do not see envy figure in such bulk and unblushing prominence as it did in old republics or old monarchies, or in the desperate conflicts of parties and classes of more recent but yet historic times. It would not come naturally now to any one to designate envy as that "stately vice," as South very appropriately did in his day—selecting the epithet as fitting his own estimate and the tone of his time and of some antecedent generations, who all treat envy as a thing that reigns in courts and disdains to molest "the honest country gentleman and the thriving farmer." There must, of course, be provocatives to envy in all statecraft, but we are without some that used to prevail. The favour of kings is not the godlike influence it once was, nor is patronage of any sort the same thing as formerly. Place and power must always be objects of passionate ambition, and the centres of patronage are still envy's head-quarters; but public spirit is in vogue now, and a certain magnanimity in public affairs is so much required that the inner man is forced to tone itself to the occasion. It is felt that it does not do to allow private ends and grudges the sway which was once assumed to be almost their due; and because they must be kept out of other men's sight, they are really in a degree kept under, so at least as not to be the only actuating motives with the man's self. Nor is envy the universal clue and explanation that it once was. Whatever went wrong used to be laid, as a matter of course, to the score of envy. An unpalatable judgment, as well as each cross event, confusion, and disaster, was at once set down to envy, just as, in times of universal mistrust, every death is laid to poison. Thus Spenser, who, as being at once courtier and poet, is very sensitive on the subject, and indulges in some very unceiling portraiture of this vice, evidently attributes all criticism to this one motive, as where he sums up envy's misdeeds:—

And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He doth back-bite, and frightful poison spues.

Bacon treats envy as a matter of course, as an attendant on success to be guarded against and propitiated by a careful demeanour, taking pretty much for granted that the successful man would be the envious one if the tables were turned. He even proposes some very unhandsome dodges, such as to set up some colleague on whom the evil eye shall fall while the more wary escapes. Ben Jonson would not be without detractors on any account, envy being the one seal of merit—so that he professes to esteem that man's fortune most wretched who has no enemies. We suspect it is from sources of this date that men still adopt a language about enemies which has generally little enough meaning in it. In fact, many persons' talk about their enemies is nothing but a back-handed conceit; they borrow the terms of a past age, and talk about enemies as a way of proving that they have merit or distinction. We are not saying that envy may not still do many an ill turn; evil thinking is never content to stay at home, and will always be an active principle; but a false charge or an ill-natured assumption cannot work the same mischief in our freer currents of opinion as formerly, and perhaps there are fewer people whose sole business it is to watch their neighbours. At all events, we believe that many people talk glibly of enemies who could not bring the charge home to a single soul.

Yet, though envy does not, in these times of order and diffused knowledge and busy occupation, frown down upon us with such terrible lineaments as in days when greatness and prosperity absolutely hung on the favour of one or of a few, it comes in our way often enough to set us thinking. It is among us still, not figuring in huge examples, such as the prosperous envier, who bids the whole world stand off while he takes every man's place, thrusts himself into every man's business, regards all excellence in another as a personal affront, and "puffs and blows, and swells" as if the world did not give him enough elbow-room; or as the gruesome, miserable envier, who is all envy, and who frets and raves at the plenty of his neighbour, and is ready to burst at another's fullness. This is not the day for any separate virtues or vices to occupy the whole soul; men are more complicated pieces of machinery than they used to be. Nobody, as it seems to us, represents any one quality now. It does not occur to us, for example, that we know anybody envious enough to be made lean by it, which is indispensable with typical envy—as

Lean-faced Envy in her loathsome cave,

and lean Cassius. We know nobody so made up of the component parts of envy—hatred of what is excellent as being another's, and grief because it is not his own—that his food does not nourish him; but we see touches of both in comely fair-proportioned men. We learn that it is possible to entertain both these sentiments at intervals, and the digestion not to be the worse for it. It is still a very common case for a man not to rejoice in his neighbour's prosperity, and to take his misfortunes with serenity; only he is no cankered soured Thersites, but our friend, and a man of merit. Though nobody is all envy, it is the rarest thing in the world to find anybody so wholly free from it as to be thoroughly, unaffectedly, spontaneously pleased—without any reference to self, and with no self-comparisons—at the good fortune of others. In fact, while envy is not the active malignity that it used to be, it is very possible that, with cultivation of mind and diffused thought, it may be more universal:—

For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature.

Envy must always be a temptation to minds overworked and overstimulated. All intellectual excitement is apt to foster it. Authors, indeed, are constantly charged with it unjustly, because the observer cannot see far enough; and a bad motive is a safe conjecture, and carries with it an air of knowing the world. Thus Addison was taxed with envy because he advised Pope to let well alone and not interpolate with his "Rape of the Lock" the afterthought of a machinery of sprites; but experience is so much against all tampering with a happy effect that every critic would have advised the same. It was a mere vulgar injustice to talk of envy; the poet knew better than the critic, that was all. But there are cases where envy is transparent, and to be excused because it is transparent and issues in nothing worse. Walter Savage Landor was furiously envious of Wordsworth when he got credit for the celebrated simile of the shell, and Landor's own simile had passed unnoticed; and Wordsworth himself, if utterly exempt from the failing, would have liked other people's poetry better than he did. Envy infects authorship on the old, and in this case lasting, ground of favour. Favourites will always envy and be envied, and favourites now are not the creatures of kings, but the pet writers of the day. There is an infinite improvement in the manners of authors to one another, but every now and then certain awkward appearances prove that good behaviour costs some effort, and is not wholly congenial to the natural man.

Envy is ever joined with a comparing of a man's self, and a man's works are himself in a sense beyond any other possession. All self-study tends to these comparisons; hence it is that we sometimes detect envy in minds which we might have supposed beyond others to be superior to it. They are too full of speculation on motives, too absorbed in self-inspection and the whole business of comparison, for magnanimity; which looks out of itself, and can forget self for long periods. Whether it be religious self-scrutiny pushed too far, or a mere habit of self-reference, the mind which is in the practice of returning to itself, comparing other things with self, whether in the matter of feelings, motives, position, capabilities, or possessions, is apt to envy. Wherever there is the habit of quick transition from the general to the particular, wherever persons cannot range in discussion and inquiry without referring back to self—"Now I," "Now with me," "But in my case"—they betray a tendency to envy, and will find something to grudge in every body else's fortune, like that showman in *Les Misérables* who, on hearing of a child born with two heads, cried: "Now my wife never thought of giving me such a present!"

Classes can hardly fail to have their standing envies. In evil days every class envies every other; the poor envy every man above them, the rich grudge all to those below them; but in a normal state of things the feeling is confined to those whose interests more immediately clash, and in prosperous times it is most conspicuous in those who have attained a height they are not likely to surpass. "Men of noble birth are noted to be envious of new men." Hence the standing envy of landowners at the rise in the social scale of successful commerce and trade; the one is not worse off for the advance of the other, but the distance between them is altered. A rich merchant, in the eyes of a moderately endowed baronet, is often grudged his thousands for no other reason than because they help to span this distance. Sir John cannot help feeling himself somehow a loser by the other's gains, and does anything but rejoice at his neighbour's prosperity. Delineations of envy often offend from their failing to hit the natural object of desire. Nobody out of a book envies everything; very few passionately want things that are wholly beyond their reach, as we may see by noticing the gazers into shop-windows. Women in tawdry finery do not look through the plate-glass of fashionable jewellers, dazzling as the show may be; the sixpenny brooches round the corner have an infinitely greater attraction for them. Men in fustian gather where the neckties and the waistcoats shock a cultivated taste. Even the little children are led by an instinct to the toys and sweetmeats that come within the compass of possible halfpence, and stare and long by a rule of social distinction. But the graver class of moralists do not always see this. Thus a leading writer of books for the young, remarkable for her own sobriety of mind, wishing to endow her heroine with some fault for the sake of the lesson, makes a child of ten envy her brother for being heir to the fair fields that spread before her nursery windows. It is not in ordinary childhood, especially girlhood, to desire landed property

with passion. Precocity of all sorts is displeasing, but precocity in envying is an outrage. The young hope for everything, and hope and envy do not agree; so that emulation, which easily slides into envy in maturity, is a safe spur in youth. Happily for mankind, their appetite in this respect is not omnivorous or insatiable. Charles Lamb, musing in the churchyard, talks of those "columns of unenvied flattery" which he read on tombstones; and much of this world's good is as little appreciated by those to whom it is unattainable as the praise from which he held aloof. Self-denial carried to any unusual lengths, and rules of extraordinary strictness, need special watchfulness against envy. It is hard to refuse self-indulgences which are considered lawful, and to view with perfect fairness and candour the conduct of those who allow themselves in what we refrain from. The woman who adopts a strict or elderly costume is apt to be hard on the finery or affected youthfulness of her compeers. Young people who are trained to think the amusements of their age wrong often indemnify themselves by sneers in which we see and pardon some touch of natural envy.

There is a passive and less malignant form of envy which shows itself especially in the man of many accomplishments and in the idle. People who can do a little of everything may be the last to perceive that it is impossible to excel in all things. To them envy is not an occasional temptation, as with ordinary men, who fret only at being surpassed in one or two points; they grudge every man his speciality by turns, and may be observed to have rarely a thorough free-spoken appreciation of another's performance. Their praise is always qualified "by some derogating but" or other; and the idle—the more conscious of power, perhaps, from having never tested it—are no less cynical. They have let opportunity slip carelessly enough, but to see others seize it is not less galling; and, moreover, they have more leisure for this occupation. Nothing looks brighter, nobody is lovable, to the idle man. And he can envy others the fruit of hard pains without any pull or effort of mind; the thing comes of itself as the easiest form of self-reproach.

There are cases where simply not to be envious is a positive grace. The preacher who does his utmost, and yet sees his church deserted for some new light, can only be saved from a twinge of envy by apostolic virtue. The lover who sees his rival preferred, and has no sympathy with the selfishness which sings—

I can endure my own despair
But not another's hope,

is something above nature. The politician who feels no momentary triumph in the failure of a bitter opponent has reached a rare point of nobleness. Many benevolent people who will do a substantial service to an enemy are not equal to these elevations. The more usual state with ordinary Christians is to like their friends best when they are a little down, and to have no objection in their hearts to the means that bring them down. There are, we believe, more philanthropists willing to give time and purse to the utmost to help the unfortunate than there are Christians keeping close in letter and in spirit of the one precept, simple as it seems, of "rejoicing with them that do rejoice."

DEVILS.

MEPHISTOPHELES explained to Faust that it was no longer the fashion for devils to distinguish themselves by the cloven foot. Fashions changed everywhere else, and there was no reason why devils should be behind the rest of the world. The horned and hoofed monster of our infancy has in truth almost become obsolete. In early times the Prince of Darkness was really a gentleman, with whom it was only not quite orthodox to have dealings. He gradually degenerated into the grotesque performer in popular legends. After he had retired into the background of cultivated imaginations, the quaint peculiarities ascribed to him in the fancy of the people still gave him a lease of vitality. The devil whose nose was pulled by St. Dunstan's tongue, and at whom Luther threw his ink-bottle, survived in obscure holes and corners. To the rising generation he is represented in the exclusively comic point of view by the queer humgruffins of the *Ingoldsby Legends*. A Mephistopheles who is introduced solely to rhyme with hot coffee-lees may be said to have touched the lowest point of degradation. His innocuous character is marked by Burns's amiable wishes for his repentance and welfare. Indeed, we hardly see that any other course is open to him. When your only trade is to point a moral in extravagant rhymes, and to adorn a comic tale, you may just as well be virtuous; malice is thrown away when it becomes simply food for ridicule. We make, of course, no allusion to theological doctrines; but the devil of poetry and fiction is in danger of utter extinction. In one direction, he has been refined away to a mere empty shell, to a metaphysical abstraction without any concrete attributes; in another, he has been degraded into an old woman's story, which ceases to frighten even grown-up children. It is not, therefore, without a sense of something like satisfaction that we have witnessed some late attempts to galvanize him into temporary vitality. It would be a pity entirely to lose sight of a character who, if not quite virtuous, was certainly amusing in his day. Mr. Robert Montgomery depicted Satan, as we all know on Lord Macaulay's authority, as an elderly gentleman who had seen better days, and whose worst fault was a tendency to pious twaddle. But since that time he has attempted to come out in his old character. The theory that he raps on tables, and tells a variety of contemptible lies from that degrading position, is indeed little creditable to him. If he had

anything to do with tying and untying the Davenport brothers, it was a misplaced effort of ingenuity. It was altogether below the reputation which he had established even as a prompter of the petty malevolence of genuine witchcraft. We learn, however, from a very interesting article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, that he has lately been producing some far more remarkable phenomena. They are, indeed, of such a terrible character that, if the devil has had nothing to do with them, we could almost say, in the words of the often-quoted old woman, we "don't see no use in having no devil."

The people of Morzine, in Savoy, a remote valley to the south of the Lake of Geneva, have for the last eight years been the victims of a series of trials like those which beset the Jansenist *convulsionnaires*. The first patient was a girl of ten years old, who was being prepared for her first communion, and who exhibited certain symptoms which were immediately attributed to diabolic agency. From her the infection seems to have spread until there were a hundred and twenty cases of possession in a village of 2,000 inhabitants. The antics performed under this strange influence were alarming to the last degree. The afflicted persons went through extraordinary physical contortions. They turned over and over in one bound. They leapt like a steel spring suddenly released, bending backwards so that head and feet touched the ground together. A boy of twelve ran up a pine-tree eighty feet high. There he bent down the top shoot (so it is said) and stood on it head downwards, singing and gesticulating. Suddenly he came to his senses, and called for help. "His elder brother cried out, 'Devil, enter again into this child, that he may be able to come down again.'" The devil obeyed, with singular good-nature, and the boy immediately ran down headforemost, like a squirrel. The victims seized, who were of all ages and positions, invariably spoke of themselves in the third person and personated evil spirits. The voice of one woman exclaimed, during a religious service by a bishop, "Ah, damned carrion of a bishop, thou makest me depart. How dreadful have I to return to hell. . . . I must leave this fair body, where I was so well off. But when I go, I have five more, and among them an old devil. It is not to-day that they will depart." As a rule, the devils professed to be the spirits of human beings, who were suffering for their sins on earth. The spirit which possessed one woman asserted that it had been damned for eating meat on a Friday. It impelled the woman to go every Friday to the Maire and ask for bacon, which she greedily devoured whilst raw. Every attempt was made to put a stop to the plague. Physicians were sent, and could do nothing. Exorcisms were tried, and, as might naturally be expected, the excitement only made matters worse. The *préfet* came, and spoke to some of the women. They fell upon him and his *gensdarmes*. They lifted strong men in their arms and pinned them against the walls. Then, with a sudden bound, they sprang through the window, one after the other, and disappeared. The bishop came, and tried the effects of a high mass. It produced a fearful scene of cries, oaths, blasphemies, and fearful convulsions, and the bishop was glad to escape without actual violence against himself. At last a doctor was sent to Morzine with despotic power, and backed by the important aid of sixty soldiers, a brigade of *gensdarmes*, and a fresh *curé*. The *curé* was to preach against the possibility of demoniacal possession, and the *gensdarmes* and soldiers to put down any overt acts. By dint of exiling all afflicted people to lunatic asylums and hospitals, he seems to have finally succeeded in beating the devil. For four months no new cases have occurred, and it is expected that French bayonets will be more successful in the spiritual encounter than holy water and high masses. Many curious symptoms, such as insensibility to pain, preternatural acuteness of the senses, and a power of predicting the phases of their disease, are mentioned as characterizing this display of diabolic energy. One cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for 2,000 people shut up in the recesses of an Alpine valley to be tortured by such an appalling complaint. To them it is, of course, witchcraft and demoniacal power made visible. To be shut up in a madhouse, with a constant prospect of going mad yourself, would be scarcely more horrible. If, however, it were possible to cut oneself off from all feeling for the victims, one would almost regret that the experiment could not be continued. It would be interesting to discover what are the causes that predispose a person to diabolical possession. The disease is now so rare that we regard its extirpation in this secluded spot with the feelings of a botanist witnessing the destruction of the last specimens of an uncommon plant in some favoured habitat. When the devil was acting in all his vigour, no scientific observers traced his mode of action. Now that he has chosen to reappear with something of his old intensity, he is immediately suppressed, as though he were publishing a libel on the French Emperor. Few people, indeed, would wish the freedom of the press to be construed so liberally as to admit even the diabolic side of the question to be avowedly supported. But it would at any rate have the advantage that we should be able to appreciate the diabolic character a little better, and to account for the very singular propensities exhibited. The facts, indeed, of the Morzine demoniacs have not been quite settled. Delusions, and more or less intentional exaggerations, have probably distorted the account. There is a story of a pig refusing to cross a bridge until a priest's stole was laid upon his back, which seems to us suspicious. If he has any regard for his character, the devil should keep out of pigs; the most intelligent pig can scarcely obtain credit for distinguishing priests' stoles.

If the cruelty suffered by the inhabitants of Morzine did not

make it imperative to put down the diabolic manifestations at once, by fair means or foul, by exorcisms or gendarmes, it would still be necessary to isolate carefully the scene of the disorder. It appears to be highly infectious within its fixed limits. If, like the cholera or the plague, it should spread from Morzine throughout Europe, the consequences would be terrible. Amongst the illiterate peasants of the Alps the manifestations are doubtless simpler and more open than they would be among the higher orders. Either the demons which have possessed the Morzinese must be very inferior demons (and indeed they profess, for the most part, to be the souls of neighbouring peasants), or the Morzinese must be too dull to be stimulated, even by diabolic agency, to any very original performances. The boy who stood on his head on the top of the pine tree appears to have struck out the most original line; the more common manifestations seem to have been mere imitations of easily recognisable models. The display was indeed far too horrible to be simply ludicrous; but it owed its escape from being ludicrous to no other circumstance. If a similar possession affected, for example, the higher classes of English society, the results would be more surprising. It would perhaps be too much to ask of an intelligent member of the Alpine Club to extend his scientific zeal beyond the region of aneroids and spirit-levels to the investigation of these spiritual phenomena; otherwise it would be curious to see the effect of inoculating an educated mind with the virus, and observing the symptoms of the complaint developed. The intellect is said to be stimulated as much as the muscles; the patients talked in strange dialects with unnatural precision. We might expect our imaginary Alpine friend to balance himself on his head, not on a pine tree, but on the summit of the Matterhorn, and from that elevated position to pour forth a flood of Greek or Hebrew poetry. Perhaps he might bring back the infection to England. We might see the whole peerage surrounding a startled bishop with hideous yells and imprecations; a still more unpleasant tone might possibly be communicated to one of Lord Russell's despatches if, at the moment of composition, he conceived himself to be possessed by a devil; and imagination fails to conceive the result of an Archbishop of Canterbury fancying himself tormented by the souls of seven departed Chancellors, executing a series of gymnastic performances on the floor of the House of Lords, and giving forth as his own utterance doctrines confirmatory of Colenso. We are glad, on the whole, that the diabolic agency is safely confined to Morzine, and that there seems to be a fair prospect of its being trodden out even there. It is, in fact, difficult for such complaints to attack either intellects or bodies in a higher stage of civilization. Demoniac possession is probably now confined by the same conditions which restrict goitres and cretinism to particular districts. Even the devil is bound to pay attention to the properties of the water and the soil which he infests. A late observer of Virginia asserts that strict Calvinism is only to be found in the tidewater districts. He quotes the remarkable dictum that a belief in an everlasting hell would never be got out of a certain region until it was properly drained. Our Dissenting preachers should have regarded with more suspicion the opening of the Main Drainage works. It is impossible to say into how much gloomy Calvinism the sewage may have been transmuted which has been hitherto allowed to stagnate in our streets and to penetrate our lungs and stomachs. In another climate, and under different sanitary conditions, the same material might be converted into demoniacal possession. The supposed change seems indeed to be the least forced of the two.

The strange phenomena which we have noticed have a curious bearing upon another topic. The prevailing scepticism of the period, though it has not affected the people of Morzine, has of course affected their observers. Scientific men have given a variety of names to the demons. They summarily set them down, not as Abaddon, Amaimon, and Lucifer, but as hysteria, epilepsy, mania, and gastric disturbance. These names sound very pretty, but they do not seem to throw much light upon the subject. It is quite clear that it is impossible to classify the causes of the mental disturbance under any of the recognised heads. Thus, to say that it is due to gastric disturbance is to say simply nothing, because, as far as has been observed, the stomachs of the patients were in remarkably good order. It is merely a roundabout way of concealing profound and utter ignorance. Perhaps, until a better theory has been discovered, it would be as well to leave the name of demons to the occult cause. It does not mean very much, and it serves as well as any other to denote a mysterious agency of which we know nothing at all. Demons are now supposed to do a variety of very small tricks. They make arm-chairs prance, they usurp the place of conjurers, and they are evidently not above contributing to the smallest and most childish kinds of amusement. It seems rather hard that when they do so little, and that little is so harmless, their personality should be denied in a way to touch the heart of an old-fashioned theologian. They might be allowed to drag out the small remainder of their days, and to have the credit of such a windfall as that at Morzine. For, after all, if the villagers had been so far enlightened as not to believe in their existence, they would probably have found some other peg upon which to hang the explanation of their strange disease. They did not go mad because they believed in the devil, but they found the popular conception of the devil a convenient means of accounting for their insane freaks. It is impossible not to observe, in the process by which this was effected, an illustration of some of the legendary miracles of the middle ages. The extraordinary phenomena presented require very little heightening from uncritical

observers to be raised to the proportions of the most accredited marvels. It only requires their association with a supposed supernatural origin, which would be made in all sincerity by the sufferers themselves, to give them the due character. At a very small distance of time or space, they would become truly astonishing, and apparently well authenticated, stories.

THE LICENCE OF NOVELISTS.

THE Middle Comedy, we used always to be told, introduced real characters under fictitious names, while in the New Comedy both characters and names were fictitious. One would like to know how far this distinction was really carried out—how far every plot of Menander's was really the invention of Menander's brain and not simply a reproduction of some story which he saw happening before him at Athens. It may be said that, so far as we can judge of the later Greek Comedy from its Latin imitations, the number of stock characters ready to be worked into any piece, if they tell in one way against the strict originality of the story, tell also in another against its being a reproduction of real facts. It may seem as if it represented real life in a general way—classes of characters, classes of incidents, but not the personal experience of particular individuals. Still, though the slave, the father, the young man, and so forth, are stock characters, it is only by degrees that they could have become stock characters. The thing must have had a beginning. One cannot help fancying that the first Chremes and the first Davus must have been portraits of people well known either to Menander or to some of his forerunners. One is driven to suspect that the main difference between Middle and New was not in the real or fictitious nature of the characters, but in the sort of characters introduced. Did not the Middle Comedy still, like the Old, concern itself with public affairs, only under a disguise of fictitious names which the Old despised? And did not the New, in dealing with common life, still bring in real persons, only no longer those who were famous in the Assembly or on the field of battle, but those whose actions and character the poet had studied at the corner of his own street?

The truth is that it requires very great and original genius absolutely to create either characters or incidents. It is a power which very few men possess, and which even those who possess it use only on occasion. The character of Hamlet is probably a distinct creation of Shakspeare, but Shakspeare himself was not always creating Hamlets. Like other writers, he found it serve his purpose on most occasions to work in the people, the places, and the incidents which he had seen, heard, or read of. And any power short of the very highest must be content to do this and little else. We know how largely Scott worked into his stories all manner of persons and incidents, some coming within his own experience, some handed down to him by tradition. Every writer of fiction, with hardly any exception, must do the same. If an ordinary writer attempts to act as a creator, to draw every character and every incident from his own internal consciousness, the attempt is sure to lead to utter failure. We always expect that the novelist will treat us to the real actions of real people. It is much better that he should do so. Only there is a vast difference in the way of doing it. It may be done skilfully and in good taste, and it may be done unskilfully and in bad taste. And there is the old difficulty that truth is stranger than fiction. The novelist who builds his story on real events must be content to pare down the actual to the level of the probable. Real events are so much more marvellous than imaginary ones that it does not do to put them whole into a book. If we wrote a novel fairly setting forth all the strange things which we have ourselves seen and heard, in the first place, it would be longer than *Clarissa Harlowe*, and in the second place, every critic from the Land's End to John o'Groats would at once cry out at the improbability and extravagance of our inventions.

We assume that, in any novel, the novelist will largely write from his or her own experience—that the characters introduced will be largely suggested by persons whom the writer knows, that the descriptions of places will be, to a great extent, descriptions of places which the writer has seen, that the incidents, like the characters, will be largely suggested by incidents which the writer has seen or heard of in real life. We say suggested, because it does not at all follow that either characters or incidents will be transplanted from real life without any change. It will often happen that some change, some development, addition, or curtailment, will be needed to make the real person or the real story fit well into the place meant for it in the novel. Still, after all such modifications, the writer writes essentially from experience and not from imagination; he reproduces and retouches, but he does not create. Now all this is a process to be done with great art and great delicacy. If real persons and places are brought in, the mass of readers will of course not recognise them, because they know nothing of the persons or the places. But it should not be forgotten that there will be in every case a minority, however small, who know the persons or places, and who will therefore be likely to recognise them in the novel. And this minority deserves some consideration. If a man describes a Cornish parish, and puts in minute pictures of the squire and the parson, a reader in Northumberland will take it very coolly, and will admire or condemn the description purely on the strength of its abstract merits. But such a description may raise no small hubbub in Cornwall. Some people do not like to be put in a book at all, or

to have their friends or kinsfolk put in a book; others might not object to a public portrait of their virtues, but would decidedly kick at having their vices or follies thus published to the world. Care should therefore be taken, in introducing real persons and real places, to throw some sort of disguise over them—to prevent, in short, not only a legal action for libel, but anything which could give just offence to any one. We except distinctly political stories, portraits of public men, whose names are public property. In fact, this is the ground of the Middle Comedy. A public man must be prepared to be described, or even satirized, in a novel, just as much as to be criticized in a newspaper. And the same law which applies to the newspaper will apply to the novel also. The rule should be that nothing should be admitted in either case which passes the bounds of honourable political warfare, nothing which can in any way be construed as arising from personal malignity. As for private matters, we shall probably make our meaning better understood by citing examples. Thus, in the novels written by Mr. Froude before he assumed his later and more famous character, there were local and personal descriptions which a large circle of people thoroughly understood, and which gave great and reasonable offence to many. The private nature of most of them hinders their being quoted, but one will serve as a specimen of what we call unjustifiable licence. One of Mr. Froude's characters goes to a College Chapel in Oxford mentioned by name, and is there witness to an immoral assignation on the part of a member of the foundation. Now in so large a body as all the residents in Oxford, or even all the resident members of foundations, it may be presumed that all will not be virtuous men. No one will quarrel with *Tom Brown* because several of his characters are vicious in different ways. The sin against reality and probability would have been if all had been virtuous. But when it comes to Mr. Froude's incident—to a charge of very aggravated immorality brought against some one of so small a body as the resident members of the foundation of one College—the thing becomes libellous. He is speaking of some one of ten or twenty known men, whose names may be found in the Calendar. A scandal is therefore brought upon every one of these ten or twenty men. Every one of them has a right to be indignant on behalf of himself and his friends. The incident is quite possible; it may be literally true; but it is a thing which, true or false, no one has a right to put in a book with the name of a particular College attached.

We will look next at cases where nothing vicious or libellous is brought in, where the heaviest charge that can be made against the writer will be only bad taste or want of art. Thus, in Mr. Savage's novel of *Reuben Medleycott*, the scene, laid about the time of the Reform Bill, runs backward and forward between Hereford and Chichester, the two cities being mentioned by name. We do not know enough of the society of those cities thirty-five years back to know whether real people are intended, but one naturally takes for granted that such is the case. At any rate one fancies an inhabitant of Chichester or Hereford, or the neighbourhood of either, asking, sometimes with no very agreeable feelings, Is it my father or my neighbour's father who is meant to be taken off in this or that Canon or Alderman or M.P. for the borough? When Mrs. Wood minutely describes Worcester under the name of Helstonleigh, or when, in a smaller story which we lately took up, Norwich is in the same way described as Eastminster, hardly anything is gained by so thin a disguise. The only difference is that, as far as people not living at Worcester can judge, Mrs. Wood's stories are not likely to make enemies in the same way as Mr. Savage's very likely may. When we turn to a real master in the art, we find the case utterly different. Barchester is not a mere transparent veil like Helstonleigh or Eastminster. Barchester in Berkshire sounds so natural that we almost begin to look about to see whether there ever were any Barchesters as well as Sumorsets and Dorsets. But Barchester is no place in particular. There are elements from Winchester and elements from Wells, but Barchester is neither Winchester nor Wells nor any other one place. Even the constitution of the cathedral body is, whether by design or by a happy accident, so described as to be different from that of any one actual church; it is not exactly like either an old or a new foundation. Therefore, though we may suspect, and more than suspect, that particular people are intended by Mr. Trollope's characters, there is nothing locally unpleasant as there is in the other cases. Who was Bishop, or Dean, or Canon, or Mayor, or Alderman, at Hereford or Worcester in a given year is known on the spot, and can, with a little trouble, be found out off the spot. You can put your finger on a definite name and say, there is the man who is mentioned in the novel, or else his official description is very unjustifiably used. But a Bishop of Barchester is an abstraction; you may shrewdly guess that Bishop Proudie and his wife mean such or such a Bishop and his wife, but you can only guess it; you cannot put your finger on a particular name in a list of Bishops and feel that you have, or ought to have, caught your man. Of course the passages where Mr. Trollope introduces public satire, portraits of well-known public men, whether Bishops or anything else, come under a different head and must stand or fall by a different standard.

We have been led into this train of thought by the casual sight of a novel, or rather what we believe is called a *novellette*, which, though in a mild form, carries the faults of art of which we speak further than any other book that we ever saw. The story is laid partly in the writer's own neighbourhood, partly elsewhere. We have a Northern city mentioned by name; the Bishop of thirty

years ago and his daughters, the Dean of thirty years ago and his daughter—why do all our storytellers harp so on Bishops and Deans and their families?—the clergy of the town, and other persons, all come in. Now what is easier than to find out who was Bishop or Dean of any English see thirty years ago? And though the Bishop and Dean are probably themselves dead, their daughters are perhaps still living, and they may reasonably complain if among their portraits they find one which is by no means amiable. The chief character of the story is then carried into another part of England, which the book itself shows to be the writer's own neighbourhood. Till we reach that neighbourhood all the names of places are real; but the writer's county fluctuates between its real name and an imaginary one; one chief town of that county appears by its real name, another by an *alias*. Now nothing can be worse in point of art than this last inconsistency. If Mrs. Wood moved into the next county to her own, she might perhaps call Gloucester Severnbridge and Bristol Avonborough, but a railway journey from Gloucester to Avonborough—possibly, to fall in with the prevailing taste, a Bishop of Gloucester and Avonborough—would be beyond all human endurance. In our story the city is veiled by so thin a disguise that every reader everywhere must recognise it; the natural features, the villages, and so forth, round about the city are so exactly described that any one in that neighbourhood must recognise them. You have a hill and a village, a parsonage and a squire's house, all drawn to the life. But then comes the rub; there are the parsonage and the squire's house, but where are the parson and the squire? The writer is afraid to introduce her own neighbours bodily; so she peoples her real houses with imaginary inmates, only, with singular poverty of invention, she gives them names, not indeed from the immediate neighbourhood, but names well known in other parts of the same county. Other names, Christian names and surnames, which to dwellers in the particular neighbourhood cannot help suggesting particular persons, are also brought in freely.

A word or two on this matter of names, and we have done. Some names, both Christian and surnames, are public property. It is not personal to write about Tom Brown and Mary Porter. In another way, though it is rather cheap wit, it is at least not personal to call a physician and a surgeon Dr. Filgrave and Mr. Rerechild. So there are a crowd of Christian names, some so common in real life, some so set apart as it were for story-books, that they may be used in a book under all circumstances. You have a friend named Smith, but you do not scruple to put Mr. Smith in a book, and your friend Smith, if a sensible man, will not be offended. You put into a book the whole conventional flight of Herberts, Ediths, Constances, and what not, and you need not be supposed to be satirizing the Herbert or Edith next door. If you write in Cornwall and introduce Mr. Twopenny in Northumberland, it may chance that you wound the feelings of a real Northumbrian Twopenny. If so, you are very sorry, but you really cannot help it; the homicide was purely by misadventure. But if you had a Twopenny living within a mile of you, common decency would hinder you from putting Mr. Twopenny, or even Mr. Halfpenny, into your book. So the fathers, brothers, or lovers of a dozen Ediths or Constances must endure to see their pet names in book after book. But if you have a daughter or a sister or one still more precious bearing the name of Quintilia, you keep a more diligent look-out. If Quintilia figures as the heroine of a book by somebody you never heard of, you think it an odd coincidence and no more. But if your near neighbour writes a book, and puts a Quintilia, and a not very amiable Quintilia, into his or her book, you naturally draw up a little. Nothing will persuade you that the name was not at least suggested by your own Quintilia. You naturally feel that this is something of a liberty, and you are not easily persuaded that it is mere accident—that the writer was not at all thinking of your Quintilia, that he meant some other Quintilia a great way off, or that he merely got the name out of the Dictionary of Biography. Such accidents can be avoided by any one of moderate good taste and moderate artistic power. A name that is likely to suggest a particular person should, unless avowed satire is intended, be rejected. If the real person is unlike the homonym in the story, that is one reason for rejecting it; if the real person is like the homonym, that is another reason. As with persons, so with places. London is public property; as all sorts of people are to be found there, anybody may be introduced as living, or anything as happening, in London. But Hereford, Chichester, and Worcester need rather more delicate care. If one chanced to be grandson of a Bishop of one of those cities, it would be unpleasant to take up a book and find that the author had stuck in, perhaps purely at random, what might at first sight seem to be a satirical portrait of one's grandmother.

DE MORITURIS NIL NISI BONUM.

IF the best-informed authorities are to be trusted, crinoline, which has withstood every imaginable form of ridicule, abuse, and reproof, is about to succumb before that inevitable longing for change which is engendered by ten years of unbroken possession. The predictions so often ventured on, and so often falsified, seem at length on the verge of fulfilment; rumours long disregarded have on a sudden taken shape and consistency, and great ladies have actually been seen at a Drawing Room and at evening parties in drapery of strange and unaccustomed straitness. Under these circumstances, it is the duty of every prudent man to get his eye as speedily as possible into training for the discharge of its great

function of seeing what we shall see. In the matter of female dress, even philosophers are apt to hold that whatever is best; and the substitution of the pump for the bell as the type of womanly symmetry will no doubt be shortly as popular as every other revolution of fashion has been in its proper turn. But acquiescence in the inevitable future is not necessarily incompatible with admiration for the majestic past. Crinoline has had so many hard things said of it in its day that it is only fair to put in a word on its behalf while there is still an opportunity of doing so. It is not, therefore, with any bitter or sarcastic purpose that we thus note the signs of the times. We desire to write in a temper not wholly unbefitting the solemnity which naturally belongs to the eve of a great change. We have no harsh words to use of the departing spirit. If crinoline is soon to be lost to us, we would wish to remember only its virtues.

It is a curious instance of the common tendency to create an imaginary golden age, that a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who apparently differs from us in his interpretation of the future, should have lately taken occasion to draw a very unfavourable comparison between the costume with which we are all of us familiar and its prototype in the last century. "A hundred years ago," he writes, "our grandmothers and our great-grandmothers were wont to surround themselves with capacious hoops and wide-spreading trains—a garb inconvenient and senseless enough no doubt, but not so indelicate as the crinoline of 1865, swaying about and exposing the wearer's limbs at every motion of the body." The only attainable evidence by which this comparison can be tested is to be found in the literature of the period, for we hope that the most inquiring student would never so far trifle with a deceased grandmother's feelings as to compel her attendance at a spiritualist séance for the purpose of questioning her upon the subject. But, if contemporary writers are any authority, the ankles of a former generation were at least as much displayed as ever those of the present generation have been. In this respect "our grandmothers" were not a bit more proper, or more prudish, than their descendants. The Essayists, from Addison downwards, are filled with evidence of this fact, and if there are any sceptics hardened enough to resist such an accumulation of testimony, they may be subjected to the sweet influences of verse, and set to interpret such lines as these, taken from a poetical recipe for a lady's dress:—

Let her hoop extending wide
Show what beauty ne'er should hide,
Garters of the softest silk,
Stockings whiter far than milk.

Or, in case they would rather approach the question from its more sentimental side, we commend to their notice the line in a Scotch song of the last century—

There's gold in your garters, Marion—

and Mr. Robert Chambers' learned note thereupon; for the latter of which it may be seen that the lover's acquaintance with this detail of his mistress's toilette was not the result of any specially happy accident, inasmuch as at that time the hoop was worn so large and the petticoat so short as in dancing to leave the fringed and embroidered garter visible to every bystander. Nay, it happens, curiously enough, that an incident not wholly unfamiliar to modern observers finds an exact parallel in Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's description of the fashionable young lady, who leaned back in her chair—

While the stiff whalebone with the motion rose,
And thousand beauties to the sight disclose.

The grammar, we beg leave to say, is her ladyship's, who seems to have paid more attention to the phenomena of hoops than to the collocation of tenses.

The arguments with which a defender of crinoline is most frequently confronted are, of course, its danger and its inconvenience. As to the former, we rather wonder that in these days of statistics, no one has ever taken the trouble to compare the number of women burnt to death during the last ten years with the number who shared the same fate in any previous ten years, making, of course, proper allowance for the increase of the population. If this were done, and then a further examination instituted into the number of recent accidents of which crinoline has been really the determining cause, we believe that the danger would turn out to have been very greatly exaggerated. There is another fashion, for example, introduced nearly at the same time, which has probably been almost equally fatal in its results, although it has entirely escaped censure. A few years back, young ladies always wore low dresses and short sleeves in the evening. Since then it has become the custom, on less ceremonious occasions, to wear high muslins or tarlatanes, with long sweeping sleeves. If a long skirt is a dangerous companion in the neighbourhood of a fire, a long sleeve is equally so in the neighbourhood of a lamp or a candle, and on this score, therefore, the fashion of *demi-toilettes* is quite as much open to objection as the fashion of expanded skirts. But, in truth, there is nothing more idle than vague declamation on the subject. The progress of civilization is one long record of the instances in which such dangers have been overcome or averted; and if one half the time and strength which have been spent in lecturing women on the chances of being burnt to a cinder had been devoted to guarding them from the risk of it, we should probably by this time have had some method discovered for making dress-stuffs incombustible in the manufacture, or at least some contrivance invented for keeping a skirt out of the grate.

Or rather—for a very sufficient and well-known contrivance for this last purpose has been invented long ago—we should have seen the universal adoption of the simple expedient of wire fire-guards. Nor is this the only instance in which crinoline gets credited with evils which are not, or at any rate not solely, of its own causing. We hear often enough of the melancholy contrast between a young lady's appearance when she enters a ball-room—the finished product of the combined effects of dressmaker and maid—and her appearance as she retires after the last dance, striving vainly to give a momentary coherence to the disjointed fragments of what six hours earlier was a ball-dress. The answer to these lamentations is that in the destruction in question crinoline plays a very small part. It is the extreme length of ladies' dresses which is mainly responsible for it, and we question whether, if in this particular they remain unaltered, the disuse of crinoline will not be found rather to enhance the mischief. The hoops do contribute something, however small, towards keeping the superabundant drapery off the ground, and it is difficult to see how their removal can have any other effect than to make the latter a more inert and helpless mass than it is at present.

When we turn to the lesser inconveniences of crinoline, the adversary's position is certainly less assailable. It has its disadvantages in a carriage; the furniture of a small room will occasionally show traces of its too hasty passage; and at a dinner-table it tends inevitably to the submersion of the alternate gentlemen. We have heard, indeed, enthusiasts profess, and in some instances we believe with truth, that they have no objection to being thus buried beneath the overflow of a lady's hoops; but we suspect that in these cases large allowance must be made for personal and exceptional feelings. Where the victim is either a lover or a friend he may learn to find pleasure in his sufferings; but the fairer test would be to inquire how he views his fate when his sentiments towards the author of it are those of indifference or dislike. Still, whatever may be said against crinoline indoors, its advocate may point with just exultation to the reform which it has effected out of doors. No lady need now discharge the functions of an amateur crossing-sweeper unless she has a real liking for the work; but any one who remembers what female dress was ten or fifteen years ago, when there was no means of keeping the gown out of the dirt except by the physical labour of holding it up, and when even this process was rendered practically useless by the length of the petticoats underneath, will bear witness that at that time there was hardly any choice left her. It is to the introduction of hoops that we owe the concurrent introduction of looped-up skirts and shortened petticoats, and consequently it is only since the introduction of hoops that a woman has been able, at least for many years past, to walk on a muddy day without either soiling her drapery or wetting her ankles. We cannot but wish, however, that young ladies would more invariably bear in mind that the consequent display should be rigidly confined to the stocking, and that the grace of their appearance is not promoted by giving needless publicity to any other portion of their wardrobe. With this proviso, the principle of setting many small benefits against a few great evils may be fairly appealed to, and the deliverance from the certain discomforts of mud and water may counterbalance the exposure to the possible (and avoidable) danger of fire.

We are aware, however, that the very feature we have selected as constituting the principal merit of crinoline appears to some people the head and front of its offending. The supposed impropriety of the prevailing costume is a text on which they have any number of sermons always ready for production. Like the mediæval saint of whom we read that he could detect a Pagan by the smell, they can spy out indecorum where a less spiritual eyesight wholly fails to recognise it. Their purity is of that super-refined description—unaccountably left unmentioned by St. Paul—to which all things are impure. A momentary glimpse of a young lady's stocking affects them with a feeling of acute pain; a prolonged vision of her ankle transmutes that pain to torture. To people whose nerves are less finely strung it seems rather difficult to recognise any ground for this intense emotion. Why it should be more improper to display the covered ankle than the bare arm, or the bare neck, we have not sufficient moral discernment to determine. It is really terrible to think of the pain which must have been inflicted on these tender spirits by the seemingly innocent pencil of Mr. Leech. To any one who thinks crinoline indelicate the appearance of *Punch's Almanack* must have been a yearly cross, and each fresh seaside sketch a new instance of the demoralization of the times. Still we would counsel these over scrupulous critics not to be too confident that the battle is won and the rock of offence removed. Even when the impending revolution has worked its will, there may yet be suffering in store for them. It is true that crinoline seems to be on the eve of extinction, but what warrant is there for assuming that the fashion which shall succeed it will be more correct? During the last hundred and fifty years short dresses have been in the ascendant far more often than long ones, and it would be very unsafe to prophesy that the feminine ankle will again, after so short an interval, be condemned to the twenty years' concealment which was its portion before 1856. If the brevity which shocks the moralist in the petticoat is only transferred to the gown, we do not see that he will be much the gainer; and if, as is more than probable, dresses should speedily become as scanty as they have heretofore been voluminous, the eye which is so grievously offended by the sight of a closely-fitting stocking will hardly be

gratified by the far more extensive revelations of that statuesque and clinging drapery which was once the delight of the First Empire, and bids fair to be the delight of the Second.

THE GROANS OF THE THAMES.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old river! Everything conspires against the Thames. It is not enough that our noble stream, as we delight to call it, has been turned into the *cloaca maxima* of London, an ignominy which is even yet not wholly removed; not enough that the Thames is about to be bridled by quays and saddled by railway bridges as hideous as numerous; and not enough that it has been subjected to every metropolitan indignity. Its rustic condition seems to be even more deplorable. Its fate is that of the streams lyngly reported, so Juvenal thinks, to have been drunk up by the host of Xerxes:—

Credimus altos
Defecisse amnes, epotaque flumina.

Prodigality is said to burn the candle at both ends, but we are proposing to drain the Thames both at its source and its estuary. Parched-up Cheltenham gasps for its mother springs, and thirsty London actually exhausts its lessening volume. Nor is this all. The Thames is in every sense bankrupt, for its banks are tumbling in while its current is drying up. It can no longer be said of it—

Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

And what is not swallowed down is burnt up. Just as Vulcan, under maternal advice, singed and scorched Scamander in his cozy bed, so the Fire King is at deadly feud with the Thames. The rail and the locomotive have displaced the barge. The navigation of the Thames, like the pack-horse and the carrier's waggon, is almost a thing of the past; and the Thames Navigation Commissioners assure Parliament, not only that they are absolutely without funds to pay even the interest of their not inconsiderable debt, but that in all probability the Thames will soon resolve itself into a chain of morasses and a swamp some hundred and fifty miles long. If this is to be the ignoble end of the great father of the British floods—if, with empty urn, and no in-pouring either of funds or waters, old Father Thames presents himself *in formâ pauperis* to Parliament before he is improved off the face of England—the question may be asked, not only what is to become of our river, but of the Kennet swift, the Loddon slow, and chalky Wey, and sullen Mole, and all the rest of them

Who swell with tributary urns his flood.

We do not for ourselves anticipate this fatal end for the Thames. The Thames is one thing, and the Thames Navigation another, and the navigation itself is but a modern institution, at least in the upper waters. It is only since a comparatively recent period that the barge traffic extended above Oxford, and between Oxford and Lechlade it has never been much more than nominal, and is now quite extinct. Many of the locks and weirs, even of the broader expanse of the Thames between Oxford and Staines, are modern; and those familiar with the reaches will remember certain solid and solitary piles in midstream, at the heads of eyots and the like, which down to the present day afford a distinct historical memorial of the times when the navigation was in a far more rudimentary state than in the palmy thirty years before the railway came into competition with the towing-path. But the Thames must be one thing or the other. Either it must be retained as a navigable stream, or it must relapse into a state of nature. The present decayed and ruinous locks and broken weirs produce uncertain and uncontrollable floods, but a free river would take tolerably good care of itself. No doubt it would present a succession of sullen dull reaches and of such rattling shallows as existed not so many years ago, before Bray Lock destroyed the trout-abounding gravel-beds about Monkey Island. But what is absurd is to suppose that either the country generally, or the counties which the Thames washes, should be called upon to keep up the present system of lockage, which was planned only for a large and profitable goods traffic. So long as the navigation can pay its own expenses, let the navigation be kept up; but as the navigation is all but at an end, the locks and complementary weirs are only important to the mill proprietors and landowners. It may be found to be possible, though we very much doubt it, that water-mills on the Thames should, even in competition with steam-mills, bear the additional expense which must fall upon them of keeping up the weirs entirely at their own charge. If so, by all means let this be understood. If it should not be so, then both the navigation and the mills must go; and the landowners must do as they best can, by embankments or dredging, so to equalize the bed of the river as to guard against the dangers of sudden and capricious floods. This is what is done in the low Essex marshes, where river-walls and sea-walls are kept up by the landowners without a thought either of a national subsidy or a county rate.

It seems to us the height of folly to suppose that, under any circumstances, the river Thames can compete with the rail. It is quite true that at present the lock dues are continued on the old scale, with the result that scarcely any cargoes are floated up and down the Thames more valuable than the beech billets from the Chilterns. But no lowering of the navigation tolls will attract customers. Oxford, Abingdon, Reading, Henley, Maidenhead, Windsor, Staines, every considerable town on the Thames, is touched by the rail; and though an attempt still survives to intro-

duce a single steam traffic-boat on the Thames, the destruction of the banks will prove a fatal obstacle to the development of the river traffic by this means. It is said that below Staines—that is, on that portion of the river which is within the jurisdiction of the London Conservators—the experiment of lowering the tolls has been succeeded by an increased tonnage on the waters, and that the navigation supports itself. But the state of the river below Staines affords but an inadequate precedent for the country above Staines. Below Staines both banks of the river are sufficiently, and often densely, populated, while above Staines the towns and customers are few and far between. Between Reading and Oxford it is futile to hope that such goods traffic can ever be developed as shall maintain both the river and the rail. We admit that much might be done, if it were worth while to do it. The lock dues might be lowered. Many obstructive locks and weirs, of which there are eighteen in the uppermost thirty-six miles of the navigation above Oxford, and some of which have only been permitted as local jobs to enable the landowners to acquire mill-property, might be swept away. Oxford is subjected to ruinous floods by the bad construction of a single lock at Sandford. The vexatious claims maintained by the farmers to the monopoly of supplying the towing-horses might be reviewed; and here and there a remunerative navigation might still be kept open between certain particular towns, such as Henley and Reading, or Abingdon and Oxford. But, as a whole, the free navigation of the Thames from London to Lechlade must go; and the sooner things come to a crisis the better. It savours almost of cruelty to allow the famous river to be what it is—a picture of squalor, decay, and danger as far as its locks are concerned, and of uncertainty and perhaps pecuniary embarrassment as relates to the owners of the mills and land. At any rate, let the parties most interested at once assure themselves that the future of the Thames must remain a local concern. There are neither national nor imperial interests concerned in the state of the upper Thames. Anyhow, the water will come down to London, as it came a thousand years ago. It is our business here to do what we can to keep, or to make, the Thames at London a healthy, and perhaps a potable, stream. It will be found to be in the interest of the towns above London to discontinue their practice of poisoning the Thames at frequent intervals; or, if such places as Windsor and Reading are slow to find out their interest, a legislative spur may be fitly applied to them. But for all beyond this—that is, for all that belongs to the navigation, for all that concerns the prevention of floods, the locks, the weirs, the eyots, the banks, the dredging, the embankment—the Thames and its eight hundred masters (its wet nurses are they to be called, or dry nurses?) must do as they can. It is a mere question of local interests, with which the public has nothing whatever to do.

Indeed, as far as the public is concerned, the navigation of the Thames is that feature in our river scenery and associations with which we could most willingly dispense. The annihilation of the locks will not seriously interfere with the depth of Henley Reach; and, happily, it does not require much to float an eight-oar. Even a failing Thames will support the University match; and the tribe of Piscator will perhaps have reason to rejoice in the suppression of barge traffic. The elegant amebian language of the barges will not be much missed, and the frequent inquiries about puppy-pies and Marlow Bridge may be, not without profit, dispensed with. And certainly the chance of the salmon returning up the Thames will be greatly enhanced by an open river. The locks have had nearly as much to do with obstructing the free passage of the king of fish as the state of the Thames at London; and, if left to itself, the Thames would be a better trout river than it is at present. It never will be, and it never was, a good trout river; and it is not likely that it will ever be much of a salmon river; and the netting rights and royalties of the landowners would perhaps be revived were the navigation stopped. But, on the whole, piscatorial prospects do not suffer by what we are threatened with as the future of the Thames. Nor have we any apprehensions as to the scenery. Still Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest, and the heights of Cliefden and Bisham Woods, and Henley Reach and Nuneham will survive even though we lose the labouring barge and the picturesque team, and its unpicturesque accompaniment of oaths and slang. Lawyers will instruct us on the knotty point whether, when a river ceases to be navigated, it is any longer navigable. Because, as the public have the common right to fish in all navigable rivers, and in navigable rivers only, it might be argued that the public right to angle in the Thames follows the Thames navigation, and that a failure of barges entails a prohibition of punts. This the sons of Walton would so seriously resent that we should be almost disposed to invoke a Parliamentary privilege on their part. But, on the whole, we doubt whether the future of the Thames is yet quite desperate. If utter extinction threatened our old friend, perhaps sentiment might at last come in when reason could no longer honestly plead for a subsidy. Mr. M. Gibson's Committee is armed with full powers, not only to inquire "into the maintenance and improvement of the navigation of the Thames above Staines," but into "the proper regulation of the depth and levels of its water." In the last extremity, Parliament, which can do anything but set the Thames on fire, may address itself to the humbler task of assisting it to flow. And the Thames has been so very needful in these latter days, it has supplied so many metaphors and allusions to distressed poets, it has gathered round it such an

association of lilies, and nymphs, and naiads, and tresses dropping with dews, and river-gods with shining horns, and all sorts of damp, dripping, and oozy people and things, that, as we have taken one step, we may take another; and after making our famous Thames sweet and clean, we may, if things come to the worst, see what can be done so that it shall retain its famous, if not quite true, character—

Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

JANUS.

IN reviewing the late well-known History of Cæsar, one of the errors which we had to point out was that the author had not only spoken of the gate of Janus at Rome as a "temple," but that, in a direct translation of the passage of Livy (i. 9), which describes it, he had translated the word "Janus" by "le temple de Janus." We thought it was clear that the author did not know what the Janus, or gate of Janus, really was. From remarks which have reached us from more than one quarter, we are led to believe that the confusion between the temple of Janus, and the gate of Janus, which was open in time of war and shut in time of peace, is still more common than we had supposed. We find that our criticism has caused some surprise, not only among ignorant persons, but among some who have real pretensions to scholarship. It may therefore be worth while to explain the matter a little more at length.

The expression of "closing the temple of Janus" is one which has so completely passed into common language that it is not wonderful that it should be now and then used even by accurate writers when they mention the matter only incidentally. We find that not only Mr. Merivale, but also Dr. Arnold and Sir George Lewis, all use the expression; though two of these writers elsewhere employ the more accurate phrase of "closing the gates of Janus." It would certainly have been better if those eminent writers, even in speaking incidentally, had used greater accuracy of expression, but it is quite certain that none of them would, with the passage of Livy before his eyes, have translated, as the biographer of Cæsar does, the word "Janus" by "temple de Janus." Mr. Merivale especially writes from a passage of Dion (lil. 26) where the words τὸ τοῦ Ἰαννοῦ τεμένισμα actually occur. That he should follow the expression of his own author is not very wonderful; but elsewhere he adopts the more accurate usage.

The truth is that the use of the words "templum," νέος, τεμένισμα, applied to the Janus by the later Greek and Latin writers, is in a certain sense to be justified, though it has led to very inaccurate notions among modern readers and writers. "Templum," as every scholar knows, is a word which is used very laxly, and our word "temple" is very far from always being its proper translation. Indeed the meaning of "temple," or consecrated building, is quite a secondary sense of the word. The later writers are fairly justified in calling the Janus, in their sense, "templum Jani." Though not a temple in our sense, it was a building consecrated to Janus, and it contained a statue of the God. So far it was "templum"; to apply the Greek word νέος was going a step further, and at least trembled on the verge of inaccuracy. Dion, a much more careful writer than Plutarch, uses the much vaguer word τεμένισμα. But the idea conveyed to modern readers by the phrase "temple of Janus" is that it was strictly a temple, a house of worship, whose doors were shut in time of peace and open in time of war. To take an illustration from a modern city, people fancy the ceremony was as if the doors of Christ Church Cathedral at Canterbury were to be shut, whereas it was really as if Christ Church gate were to be shut. There was a temple of Janus at Rome (Tac. Ann. ii. 49, where see Ernesti's note), but that was quite a distinct building, built by Caius Duilius in the age of the first Punic War, while the gate Janus dates from the mythical times of the city. There could be no meaning or symbolical propriety in shutting up the temple of Janus in time of peace; it would be more natural to shut up the temple of Mars. But to shut the gate Janus had the highest symbolical propriety, as we shall presently see.

The old Roman tradition, as every one knows, represents the Palatine and Quirinal hills as having been once occupied by two distinct towns, the one Roman or Latin, the other Sabine. These two were first hostile, then united by a federal bond, then altogether merged into one. During their intermediate or federal state, they did what Niebuhr (i. 287, Eng. tr.) thus describes:—

When the two cities had been united on terms of equality, they built the double Janus on the road leading from the Quirinal to the Palatium, with a door facing each of the cities, as the gate of the double barrier which separated their liberties; it was open in time of war, that succour might pass from one to the other; and shut during peace; whether for the purpose of preventing an unrestricted intercourse, out of which quarrels might arise, or as a symbol of their being distinct though united.

He adds, in a note, that this is the Janus Quirini (or Janus Quirinus), and that "the other Januses in the Via Sacra were of the same kind." The building, or some other on its site, lasted down to the days of Procopius, who thus describes it (Bell. Goth. i. 25):—

ὁ τε νέος ἅπας, χαλκοῦς, ἐν τετραγώνῳ σχήματι, ἵσθηκε, τοσοῦτος μὲν, ὅσον τὸ ἀγάλμα τοῦ Ἰαννοῦ σκέπειν. ἔστι δὲ χαλκοῦν οὐχ ἥσον ἢ πηχῶν πέντε τὸ ἀγάλμα τοῦτο, τὰ μὲν ἄλλα πάντα διαφθίρει

ἀνθρώπων, διπρόσωπον δὲ τὴν κεφαλὴν ἔχον· καὶ τοῦ προσώπου ἑτέρου μὲν πρὸς ἀνίσχοντα, τὸ δὲ ἕτερον πρὸς δύνοντα ἦλκον τέτραπται. Σφραῖ τε χαλκαὶ ἐφ' ἐκατέρῃ προσώπῳ εἰσὶν· ὥς δὲ ἐν μὲν εἰρήνῃ καὶ ἀγαθοῖς ἐπιτίθεσθαι τὸ παλαιὸν Ῥωμαῖοι ἐνόμιζον· πολέμῳ δὲ σφίσις ὄντος, ἀντίσχεσθαι.

He goes on to say that, since the establishment of Christianity, the gates had always been kept shut, even in time of war, but that during the wars of Belisarius some adherents to the old religion had tried to open them.

Though Procopius speaks of νέος, his description is not of what we should call a temple, but of an archway with a statue under it. Such an archway or passage was called a Janus, as may be seen by comparing the various passages collected in Scheller's Dictionary under the word. There were many Jani in Rome; as Ovid says (Fast. i. 257) "Cum tot sint Jani," but this Janus Quirinus or Janus geminus seems to have been the only one which contained a statue. As Scheller says, though he calls it a temple or chapel, "it seems to have been nothing else than a twofold or covered thoroughfare with two gates." It was, in short, like one of our gateways of towns, colleges, and monasteries, only seemingly much smaller. When Procopius calls it "brazen," he doubtless means only that the walls and archways were lined with plates of brass.

The Janus then is the gate itself; as Horace says (Carm. iv. 15, 9), "Janum Quirinum clausit." So Velleius, "Janus geminus clausus est" (ii. 3). But no description can be clearer than that of Virgil (Æn. vii. 607):—

Sunt gemini belli portæ (sic nomine dicunt),
Religione sacre et sævi formidine Martis:
Centum acrei claudunt vectes, æternaque ferri
Robora; nec custos absistit limine Janus.

He then goes on to describe the ceremony of their opening and shutting. With all this before us, we cannot doubt that Ennius, in the well-known lines quoted by Horace (Sat. i. 4, 61) alludes to the Janus geminus—

Postquam discordia tetra
Belli ferratos postes portasque reffregit.

Whether Janus and janua have any real etymological connexion or not, it is certain that the Romans connected the two words. Janus became the god of gates, and his name is used as almost identical with janua. The gate between Rome and Quirium was a Janua, under the protection of the god Janus, and containing his statue. It was not a temple in the sense in which any modern reader would understand the word, though it might be vaguely called "templum" in the laxer use of that word. But it is never so called by any earlier writer speaking at all formally or accurately. The first approach to the use is probably to be found in Ovid (Fast. i. 257):—

Cum tot sint Jani; cur stas saceratus in uno,
Hic, ubi juncta foris templa duobus habes.

It is clear that this is only a very vague use of the word "templa," quite different from "templum Jani," which we find in Servius and other late writers. The whole subject is very fully and clearly discussed in the article "Janus" in the Dictionary of Biography and Mythology.

We have taken some trouble to explain this matter, because the confusion is a common one and needs correction, and, in dealing in the way in which we have dealt with a book of such pretensions as the History of Cæsar, it is important that our own character for accuracy should be shown to be one unimpeachable enough for Cæsar's own standard. We admit that several eminent writers have allowed themselves to use a common expression which was not strictly accurate. They had better have done otherwise; but they were not discussing the subject or translating the passage of Livy. When the gate is, as usual, called simply "Janus," to mistranslate it into "le temple de Janus" is quite another matter from using a popular expression incidentally, and probably inadvertently. This is what the biographer of Cæsar has done, thereby showing, according to the best of our skill and understanding, that he has fallen into the common error, and has no notion what the Janus Quirinus or Janus geminus really was.

WAR IN THE WAR OFFICE.

IT is not altogether unreasonable that the War Office should be, as Parliament has been officially informed, in a state of intestine commotion. Mars and Bellona, to whose services this department of State is dedicated, may not unnaturally be expected to fire with combative ardour all their ministers. The organization of the War Office, upon which a Committee has thrice and again reported, may be described by a single word—disorganization. Some few years ago a hasty and ill-arranged attempt was made to bring various departments into one organic whole. The Accountant-General, the Master of the Ordnance, the Secretary-at-War, and the Commander-in-Chief each furnished a contingent of irregular forces, in the shape of clerks of various attainments and qualifications, which were gathered together into a motley host, and named the War Office. The Crimean war broke out before anybody in any department had learned what he was, or what his duties were; and a subordinate levy of tumultuary and subsidized allies, a sort of Hessians of official life, were all in a hurry added to the regular but inadequate army of official rank, under the name of temporary clerks. At the close of the war, and when the office was commanded by a great statesman whose special métier was certainly not a vigilant superintendence of

official details, not only was no reduction made in the staff of clerks, but the inconveniences of the office were attempted to be remedied by an infusion, not of order, but of new men. The result, which has been put off as long as possible, has at length overtaken a crowded, ill-arranged, and chaotic department. The official heads are dissatisfied with the office, and the clerks are dissatisfied with the office, with each other, and with themselves. As far back as 1857, Lord Panmure attempted to introduce a rule which restricted promotion to the branch in which a vacancy occurred—coupled, however, with a reservation to the Secretary of State of the right of setting aside this rule whenever he pleased. This reservation, which was clearly intended only as a resource in the extreme case of any particular branch being unable to furnish a competent officer for promotion, has been made the rule. And the particularly Irish consequence has resulted, that every head of every department sends in the name of a candidate for promotion, and that out of this list the best, or the supposed best, man is promoted in pay, and the best man in the branch in which the vacancy occurs is promoted in rank. Here is an ample field for the indirect influence of powerful friends to secure the promotion of their friends and relatives—an influence which has not always been kept in abeyance; while a most perplexing discretion is left to the heads of departments, each of whom may have a special and discordant standard by which to test the qualifications of his subordinates. A Committee, consisting of Lord Hartington, Messrs. Galton, Arbuthnot, and Anderson, and Sir E. Lugard, has just reported on the whole state of the War Office, and on this rule in particular; and while the names of the first four members of the Committee are attached to a condemnation of this system, Sir E. Lugard, in a separate minute, defends it. On the whole, we see more force in the arguments of the majority of the Committee than in those of the solitary military dissident—at least as far as the main principle is concerned, that promotion, as a rule, should be confined to the branch in which a vacancy occurs. A branch forms a good epitome of public opinion; and public opinion, in a body of clerks, will always be strong enough to prevent gross favouritism in according promotion. On the other hand, when promotion to a particular vacancy is open to every branch of the service, there can be no grounds on which a comparative estimate of any particular person's efficiency can be formed, at least in the department to which he is promoted, and in which he is an entire stranger to his new brethren as well as to his new duties.

The disorganized condition of the War Office has not, however, been without its influence on the organizing Committee, and we cannot congratulate the four officials either on the lucid order, or the definite character, or even upon the intelligibility of their Report. Perhaps, indeed, it requires something of the mazed mind which must result from an inquiry into unintelligible things quite to appreciate the inconsistent recommendations of the official Reformers. At one time we think that they are all for amalgamation and consolidation of branches, and at another moment they certainly tend to separation and bifurcation of existing branches. The Accountant-General's department is so large that it must be divided; but nevertheless, as we understand it, the Works Branch and the Barrack Department, or at least some other departments, might be united. This may be so, and it is quite impossible for outsiders to pronounce a judgment on such points. But there is one large and grave consideration the influence of which does not seem to have presented itself to the reporting Committee. We think we see throughout Lord Hartington's Report the presence of a harsh, unfeeling, and almost cruel tone towards the clerks of the War Office. The office is amiss; the clerks must suffer. It is the old story, *Delirant Reges plectuntur Achivi*. Now, whoever is in fault for the condition of the War Office, it is not the clerks; or, rather, it is not the clerks in the first instance. If a Secretary for War is, as has been the case, ill in health, or careless of the subordinate affairs of his office, it is hard to visit the consequences of neglect in high quarters on the humbler victims of superior shortcomings. For example, it is urged that a grievance exists which involves "a breach of promise to a particular branch"; and the correctness of this view, as an argument against a remedy proposed by the present Committee, is not denied by Lord Hartington and his colleagues. But it is set aside with the cool announcement that "the individual claims of clerks must be regarded as subordinate to the efficiency of the office." No doubt the efficiency of the office is the first thing, but it has always been held that, in reforming an institution, there is a certain moral claim possessed by the incumbent of an office. If the Committee admit that, on the breaking up or rearrangement of an establishment, difficulties arising from the interests of the various clerks affected by the alterations must occur, it would have been at least reassuring to those unfortunates whose whole prospects in life may be destroyed by the change to tell them that these difficulties would be considered in a fair and even liberal spirit. This the Committee have not done. They sternly affect to look only to public interests. Private wrongs, if they can be remedied—and the suspicion that they cannot, under the proposed changes, is scarcely concealed—may perhaps be provided against. But if the private wrong cannot be helped, why it is not to be helped—that is all.

For example; in the amalgamation of separate branches, if the number of senior clerks is kept, as in some cases it is proposed to keep it, at its present level, while the number of junior clerks in the consolidated office is largely increased by throwing two or three hundred clerks into one class, it stands to reason that the chances of promotion of the present juniors are sensibly and largely retarded by

the amalgamation. Now, we must say that it ought to be possible to provide against this evil. But the Report of the Committee holds out no hope that anything of the sort will be done; and if Parliament adopts that Report without a very searching inquiry, the result may be—we do not say must be—that many men who have of late years been enticed into the Civil Service of the Crown will find that the consolidation of branches costs them six, eight, ten, or more years of official standing. This is not only an injustice in itself, but it is very bad policy. The recent appointments to the Government offices have been made under the auspices of the Civil Service Commissioners, and they have undoubtedly attracted a superior class of junior clerks. It is on this class of junior clerks that it is proposed to inflict what may turn out to be a serious wrong and injustice. Young men of education from the universities and public schools have been brought into the service. They have a right to be treated, we should say, with liberality; but, at all events, with consideration and fairness. If the result of the proposed re-organization of the War Office should only be to produce discontent and reasonable complaints in the persons who have been brought in under the competitive system, the examiners in Dean's Yard may as well shut up their shop. It is simply absurd to attempt to import a better class of men into the public service—or, as Lord Hartington expresses it, to "exclude dunces"—and, as soon as you have got your "increased intelligence," which the Committee sneeringly describes as "supposed increased intelligence," to treat these highly qualified clerks with the minimum of what the official bowels of a highly-paid Secretary of State might consider as within the strictest limits of the barest justice. This is the feeling which is probably at the bottom of what is admitted to be the alarm and dissatisfaction with which the proposal has been received in the War Office. The competitive examination for the Civil Service was hailed in some quarters, and submitted to in others, because its object, as proclaimed, was the elevation of the Government clerk. It is a strange way of elevating a profession to treat it, if not with positive injustice and downright harshness, at least in the spirit which pervades this Report. We are at least rich enough to treat Government servants with the same sort of liberality which is found to be profitable in a private house of business. A staff of anxious and discontented officials, who feel themselves to be always subject to the caprice and the tentative reforms of Committees, cannot do justice to the public service. It may be that the fears entertained in Pall Mall will prove to be unfounded; but the Committee have only to thank themselves for the misunderstanding which has attended their recommendations. If there has been any misunderstanding, it is sufficiently accounted for by the exceeding obscurity and haze in which they have enveloped their plans (if they have any plans), and by at least the absence of anything like sympathy either with the rights or feelings of those with whose interests they are dealing. The wholesale displacement of so many of the "temporary clerks" in the War Office, and the significant hints in other instances to take advantage of retiring pensions, cannot perhaps be complained of as actual violations of any written bond. But these measures betray a spirit which would be highly injurious to the public service if it were to spread from the War Office through all the Government offices. The only, or at least the chief, recommendation of the Civil Service to educated men, is its certainty and the feeling that the State is not an ungenerous master. The Reports on which we have commented are doing too much to shake very rudely this sentiment of security and confidence.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

ONCE more the University boats have met upon the Thames, and for the fifth successive year Cambridge has been defeated. The annals of aquatic sport now record twenty-two of these contests, in twelve of which victory has fallen to Oxford, and in the remaining ten to Cambridge. In the early years of rowing, Oxford suffered four consecutive defeats, but her oarsmen persevered under this heavy discouragement, and now they boast a majority of victories, and a mastery of their art which renders them almost invincible. Let Cambridge show equal courage under the disheartening influence of her five reverses, and we may be sure that in her case also the tide of ill-fortune will turn at last. Already there are some gleams of hope breaking through the gloomy sky, for the Cambridge crew have this year displayed an admirable style; they started with the lead, and kept it for the first two miles, and even when they were forced to yield to the superior power of their opponents, they still struggled nobly to the end. Hereafter that crew will be able to boast that they took part in one of the most exciting races ever rowed upon the Thames. Spectators and commentators were beginning to complain of the monotony of the defeats of Cambridge; but no one who was present at the race last Saturday will ever be able to forget the absorbing interest with which the progress of that strife was watched. It seemed to partisans of Cambridge, when her crew took their opponents' water, and went through Hammersmith Bridge with a lead of two clear lengths or more, that it was quite impossible she could lose. Many people hold the opinion that, barring accidents, the boat that is first through Hammersmith Bridge must win; and when you see two boats in a line, with a considerable interval between the head of one and the tail of the other, you can scarcely conceive the

possibility of these positions being reversed, even although more than half of the course still remains untraversed. It needed all the confidence that could be inspired by knowledge of the strength of the Oxford crew, and of the judgment of their captain, to believe that it was possible to convert this already almost consummated defeat into a victory. Yet there were some who knew that strength, and trusted in that judgment, and to them the shouts of triumph raised by the friends of Cambridge sounded premature. The Oxford stroke had been instructed not to hurry his men at starting, but to bring them gradually into their full swing, and he carried out this instruction with a tranquillity bordering upon the sublime. Even when a steamer threatened to run over the Oxford boat, as if she were already out of the race and all the remaining interest of it belonged to the Cambridge boat, those calm, steady-going Oxonians did not suffer themselves to be disturbed. They rowed astern, and in the wash of their competitors, just as comfortably and composedly as if they had been well ahead and had had the race in hand. Certainly they were what is called slow beginners, but when they had got into their full swing they made a magnificent display of power. The more work they did the better they seemed to do it, while the Cambridge men were beginning to show that the efforts they had made for the lead at starting had been too much for them. Gradually the confidence of the friends of Cambridge yielded to disagreeable doubts. It was evident that the lead of Cambridge had been considerably decreased, but still they had more than a length in hand, and they were now fully half way home. At this point the Cambridge boat was steered near the bank, while Oxford kept in the middle, with the full advantage of the tide. The stroke of Cambridge felt that the time was come for the utmost exertion of his crew to retain the prize which at one time they had seemed to hold securely. But the vigorous efforts which he made were scarcely answered by those behind him, and now the Oxford men were rowing their very best under the influence of inspiring hope. It soon became manifest, even to those whose view was distant, and who would gladly have disbelieved their eyes, that Cambridge had almost, if not quite, lost her lead. A little longer, and Oxford was not only leading, but drawing herself clear. There could be no further hope of breaking the series of defeats of Cambridge, for, having gained such an advantage, and having lost it, her crew could not without a miracle do more.

It is satisfactory that the popularity which these races have attained has been shown by this year's contest to be thoroughly well deserved. For a sudden and surprising change of aspect it would be difficult to find any parallel to this race, except by having recourse to the annals of another branch of sport. Persons who witnessed the race for the St. Leger in 1863 will remember how Lord Clifden started badly, and dropped further and further astern as he went up the hill, amid shouts of "He's beat," and offers of 100 to 1 against him; and how the same Lord Clifden, having reached the level ground and got well into his long stride, passed the leading horses one by one, and to the amazement of his shouting enemies, galloped in an easy winner. Many spectators of the boat-race will have experienced sensations similar to those felt by the layers of odds against Lord Clifden, and they had much longer time to dwell upon their sensations, as well as fuller opportunity to add the remembrance of lost money to that of disappointed hope. It is probable that very few, if any, friends of Cambridge felt anything like sanguine before the start. When the Cambridge crew first appeared, a week before, upon the Thames, their style of rowing pleased generally, which is more than can be said of the Oxford crew. But, at the same time, an impression was produced in some minds that the Cambridge men were inferior to their adversaries in the power and substance necessary for a long and severe race. According to the latest statement of weights, Oxford had an advantage of 9 lbs., which would give an average difference of little more than 1 lb. It is, however, quite possible that when two men are of equal weight one may be much stronger than the other; and the result of this race would seem to justify the notion suggested by a first comparison of the two crews—that the Oxford men had got their weight in the right place. If this were so, it is unnecessary to look further for explanation of the defeat of Cambridge. The "long steady sweep" of Oxford, which has been so much and so justly praised, is not particularly difficult of imitation by a crew which has strength to pull it through. The rapidity of stroke attained by Cambridge will probably be regarded by experienced oarsmen as more difficult. There must be many men who feel that they could do the long and steady business pretty well if only they are not asked to go up to any high point of speed of stroke. If this rapidity of action is combined with power, it is irresistible, but, if relied on as a substitute for power, it can only entail defeat. Doubtless the Cambridge tactics were deliberately adopted; for, looking at the matter calmly after the excitement of the race is past, it scarcely seems conceivable that so great and decided a lead should be lost. But, on the other hand, the cutting-down game is awfully dangerous to play upon any course. We should have thought that those who knew the speed, and doubted the "staying" of the Cambridge boat would have advised them to make a waiting race of it. Turning once more for illustration to the Turf, it may be remarked that a slow-run race is usually for the advantage of the fastest horse, as was seen when General Peel won the Cup at Doncaster last autumn. If the Cambridge stroke could have kept his crew nearly level with their opponents without the necessity of pumping them so utterly as he did, there might have been a chance for Cambridge by a spurt in the last half-mile. As it was, however,

they were exhausted by vain efforts to get away from Oxford between Hammersmith and Chiswick. At the point of most severe contest the difficulty of the task of Cambridge was enhanced by her coxswain keeping her, either voluntarily or necessarily, rather too close to the Surrey bank, while Oxford was in the full swing of the tide. But it may be remarked, on the other hand, that the Oxford crew and coxswain were seriously hampered and discouraged early in the race by a steamer which pressed upon them with shameful recklessness. Accidents of this sort are not enough to account for the result of the race. The victory of Oxford is due to the superior power of her crew, but it is possible that the defeat of Cambridge was rendered rather more complete by the tactics she employed.

The Cambridge crew are not likely to forget the conduct of a tug-steamer which ran into their boat, after the race, with an audible crunching sound. They were compelled to quit their damaged boat immediately, and it may be supposed that her value for racing purposes is destroyed. If this had been an ordinary occasion, the Cambridge coxswain would not have been justified in attempting as he did to cross the bows of moving steamers, and indeed, as it was obvious that the steamers were in motion, he would have been more prudent in refraining. But a passenger-steamer, being managed with some little courtesy and vigilance, did avoid striking the Cambridge boat, although close upon her; and there is no reason why the tug-boat also should not have avoided striking her if the captain of that boat had chosen to take the necessary trouble. This is only one of many examples of a stupid and brutal indifference of spectators to the convenience and safety of the performers in this race, which must end by depriving London of its greatest aquatic holiday. It is important, on another account, that this accident should be made generally known, for otherwise some benevolent old ladies might suppose that the Cambridge crew were too badly beaten to row their boat home.

Some of the daily papers were supposed in the country to mean more than they said, and their hints as to the possibility of a mistake having been made by the layers of odds on Oxford were interpreted by certain sagacious readers as intimating an opinion that there could be no mistake in backing Cambridge. The brilliant spurts of Cambridge in their practice may have deceived some observers, and it seems to have been agreed that the practice of Oxford was scarcely up to the standard of former years. Then came the race, in which vague hopes of Cambridge partisans changed into confidence, which seemed reasonable, of victory, and that in turn gave place to the despondency of irretrievable defeat. However, the losers had recovered their equanimity in the evening, and, at the hospitable board of the Thames Subscription Club, Cambridge men were able to console themselves with the assurance that their boat had made a highly honourable display, giving good hopes that in future years it will sustain the interest of these contests, and at no distant time show itself able, not only to take the lead, but to keep it. Let us hope that both the races and the dinners which follow them will be perpetual, and that both winners and losers of 1865 will be

in flowing cups freshly remembered

far into the twentieth century. Long as may be the interval at which this year's contest shall be looked back upon, and strong as may be the tendency of men at all times, and particularly after dinner, to gild the memory of bygone days, it will not be possible to exaggerate either the absorbing interest of the race, or the resolution with which the two crews struggled, one to gain, and the other to keep, the lead.

THE THEATRES.

IF the London theatres are at present less important objects in the eyes of intellectual Englishmen than they were in the days of our fathers, when a man who had not seen the last new play, and was not familiar with the routine of the principal actors, was regarded as having scarcely completed his education, the numerical force of English playgoers must be incalculably greater than ever. The principal theatres can be clustered into a group that may almost literally be designated the "Upper Ten," and all these are in a condition more or less financially prosperous. There are, besides, a number of establishments which are quite as completely theatres as the rest in the eyes of the law, and which, though their very sites are ignored by the more select seekers for amusement, and their proceedings habitually passed over by the critics of the daily press, command a large quantity of local patronage.

The period that commences with the wane of the pantomime and lasts till Easter, sometimes the dulllest in the theatrical year, has this year been remarkable for the manifestation of activity in every direction. There is scarcely a theatre of any mark at which, within the last two months, some showy novelty has not been produced, or some performer of known eminence been made an especial object of public attention.

Of Drury Lane, it is enough to record that Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, the managers who have raised it to its present rank, have faithfully adhered to the principle by which they have been guided during two seasons, and have received the reward of their consistency. With Miss Helen Faucit as the principal actress, and with a permanent company headed by Mr. Phelps, and comprising Mr. James Anderson, Mr. Walter Montgomery, Miss Atkinson, and Mr. G. Belmore (a rising low comedian), they have been able

to present a series of Shakspearian plays, sustained in some parts admirably, and most creditably mounted.

At the Haymarket, an attempt has been made to drive "sensational" out of fashion by means of a "sensational" drama. The old proverb teaches us that one nail may best be expelled by another, but whether the doctrine is to be extended to theatrical tastes may be reasonably doubted. The power of resistance which has to be overcome before one solid substance is driven through another, the densities of both being given, may be easily computed; but a more delicate calculation is required to determine the force of banter that is required to expel a crotchet from the public mind. The *Woman in Mauve*, as the satirical drama is called—written as it is, not in the recognised burlesque form, and illustrated by scenery that would do credit to an avowed spectacle of serious import—looks, in the eyes of the unsophisticated, like a work conceived in sober earnest, and the author's attempt to make his extravagant incidents appear ridiculous merely deprives them of the interest they would command if they had been used in the ordinary way. Nor do we see why Mr. Watts Phillips, who has used "sensational" expedients quite as freely as any of his popular contemporaries, though with less success than the most skilful of them, should suddenly think that he is performing a moral duty in endeavouring, by grim ridicule, to clear the stage and the circulating libraries of "sensational" in all its forms. Is it possible that he has been won over to the anti-Braddonian ranks by the exhortations of the Archbishop of York? If so, a tract containing the history of his conversion might be profitably added to our stock of edifying literature. We should not make these remarks if we regarded the *Woman in Mauve* as a mere jest, such as burlesque-writers of the ordinary stamp love to perpetrate at the expense of everything, venerable or otherwise, that comes beneath their notice. But when Mr. Watts Phillips gives people plainly to understand that he laughs his ungenial laugh with a purpose, he sets them inquiring whether the purpose is beneficial. Utterly to deprive plays of the "sensational" element would be neither more nor less than to make them ineffective. The word "sensational," as far as the stage is concerned, has simply fallen into disrepute with critics of the better class because it has been associated with a vicious principle of dramatic construction. Certain writers have apparently gone to work with the notion that the value of a play as an organized whole is not worth consideration, but that the safest means of ensuring success is to devise some one scene or situation that will engross the attention of the audience. Now even in the best dramatic works there will surely be found some situations of more prominence than the rest, and the difference between these and "sensational" pieces, in the bad sense of the word, is rather one of degree than of kind. The abuses of "sensational" are to be met by a criticism of particular instances, not by a sweeping satire. The *Woman in Mauve* so far answers Mr. Sothern's purpose that it enables him to indulge in all sorts of ingenious eccentricities as the young artist who is the victim of the exaggerated horrors of the piece. But the part lacks distinctive character, and in the repertory of this most popular actor will not take a place by the side of David Garrick, much less by the side of Lord Dundreary.

While "sensational" is "sensationally" attacked at the Haymarket, an appeal to the public is made on the other side by Mr. Dion Boucicault's new drama, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, which, recently produced at the Princess's, promises to eclipse the fame of the once flourishing *Colleen Bawn*. Following closely upon the *Streets of London*, this piece offers a convenient illustration of the remarks we have just made on the use and abuse of "sensational." The *Streets of London* slightly appealed to the audience as an entire work, but owed its long-lived powers of attraction to two scenes which would have been equally effective if introduced under any other circumstances. In fact, the brilliancy of the pictures, which were wholly without dramatic significance, threw the text, which was not worth much, utterly into the shade. On the other hand, *Arrah-na-Pogue* is a story constructed with singular skill, in which the devotion of an Irish peasant to his sweetheart is shown with a mixture of humour and pathos that furnishes the stage with a new type of Milesian character. The scenery, which is painted by Mr. Telbin, and represents the country about Glendalough in Wicklow, is of unsurpassed beauty; but still we feel, from the beginning to the end of the work, that all this pictorial splendour merely heightens the effect of a drama that would be attractive without the aid of other than ordinary accessories. The personages who most command the interest of the audience are the peasant and his sweetheart, effectively played by Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault; but attention should be called to Mr. Dominic Murray, an actor with whom the London public has scarcely grown familiar, but who plays the part of a sneaking rent-collector—of course the villain of the story—with a finished truthfulness that obtains for the artist an amount of admiration which more than compensates for the repulsiveness of the character he assumes. Splendid villains like Iago awe a mixed public into respect, but, under ordinary circumstances, a snivelling rascal is so much disliked that his unpopularity extends to the actor by whom he is represented.

Popular plays frequently throw strange lights on the feelings and prejudices of the public. We have no right to suppose that there are many London Englishmen who sincerely sympathize with the principles and practices of the Irish Rebellion of 1798. The occupants of a Parisian gallery, faithful to the idea of '89, however interpreted, naturally detest, when outside the theatre, all that belongs to the old hereditary aristocracy. Nevertheless, the atmosphere of a playhouse seems to bring out sentiments, otherwise concealed,

which singularly vary from the ordinarily professed creed. There is no figure more popular with a Cockney audience than an Irish rebel who does not fear to talk of '08, and shouts the "Shan van Vort" to the peril of his lungs. There is not a greater favourite with the Parisian *badouins* than a bewigged marquis who distinguishes himself by a general love for the fair sex, from which his own wife is the sole person excluded.

Mr. Tom Taylor is seldom more successful as a dramatist than when he consults that taste for a representation of actuality by which the modern public is so strongly characterized, and renders the stage a copy of real life. But his last work, entitled *Settling-Day*, though obviously intended to represent the fraudulent transactions connected with the failure of Strahan, Paul, and Co., is one of his least fortunate achievements, as is sufficiently proved by its recent reduction from five acts to three. We are inclined to suspect that the fault lies in the subject. Calamities that can scarcely be appreciated without something like a practical knowledge of the money-market do not powerfully appeal to female sympathies, and, in the case of a theatre so fashionable as the Olympic, the ladies are not to be despised. Mr. Horace Wigan gives a most finished representation of a banker who is at once genteel, fraudulent, and evangelical; Miss Kate Terry makes all she can of a devoted wife whose husband has been lured into a course of villany, and who has to keep up appearances when there is a chance that the misfortune will be exposed in the presence of a large party; and the piece is mounted with all that taste and feeling of propriety which essentially belong to the Olympic. Nevertheless, the author's success has not risen above the level of respectful approbation; for though people like to see real life accurately depicted, it must be the sort of real life in which they take an interest. Moreover, Mr. Taylor has been unlucky even with the "knowing ones." The promoter of companies who is his chief comical figure, and who appears as a miserable adventurer mixed up with all sorts of ridiculous bubbles, and borrowing eighteenpence to get a dinner, is found to be a most inadequate representative of the magnificent schemer of the present day.

The French drama *Mathilde*, so familiar thirty years ago, has been adapted to the English stage by Mr. Leicester Buckingham, and brought out at the St. James's Theatre with the title *Faces in the Fire*. In this adaptation propriety has been carefully consulted, an unchaste indiscretion on the part of one of the female personages being converted into an imprudent marriage. The jealous lady, whose not unfounded suspicions constitute the substance of the drama, is played with all that intensity of feeling, accompanied by a well-trained power of self-control, in which Miss Herbert is without a rival. The woes incident to the high society of the present day are the especial property of this accomplished artist. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews are all comprised in her company, which is thus one of the most efficient in London.

At the Adelphi, Miss Bateman, associated since her first appearance in England with the one character Leah, lately achieved a success, as Julia in the *Hunchback*, which was accompanied by a corresponding success of Miss Henrietta Simms as the lively Helen. A pleasant party war, waged with infinite goodhumour by adverse sections of the Adelphi audience, has been the result, the American sympathizers and worshippers of Melpomene shouting for Miss Bateman, while the adorers of Britannia and Thalia have redoubled their calls for Miss Simms. The effect of the contest has been to render the *Hunchback*, what it had long ceased to be, an object of general curiosity.

The lamentable destruction of the Surrey has deprived the transpontine Londoners of a favourite and respectable place of amusement; but, since the catastrophe, Astley's has considerably risen in the dramatic scale by the production of a piece called the *Mariner's Compass*, which was originally to have been produced at the destroyed establishment. The *Mariner's Compass* is a first-rate nautical drama of the old school, the plot of which is traced by the readers of modern poetry to *Enoch Arden*, and by the recondite in theatrical chronicles to an old Surrey melodrama entitled *My Poll and my Partner Joe*. It is capitally acted, and put on the stage in magnificent style.

REVIEWS.

MARIA THERESA AND MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

TO the collections of Marie Antoinette's letters recently published in France by M. de Humolstein and M. Feuillet de Conches, a third has been added at Vienna. Herr Von Arneth, in preparation of a contemplated history of the Empress Queen, undertook a collection of her letters, which, from her indefatigable activity and habit of corresponding, not only with members of her own family, but with persons of importance abroad and in her own dominions, are very numerous. But he found his design impracticable. Most of her letters are to be found among the papers of the great families to whose representatives at the time they were addressed; and though the Imperial archives, and the private collections of the Imperial family, were opened to him, only a few of the noble Austrian houses—those of Colloredo, Kinsky, Berchtoldt, Enzenburg, Harrach, Kolowrat, and Thurn—

* *Maria Theresia und Marie Antoinette. Ihr Briefwechsel, 1770-1780.* Herausgegeben von Alfred Ritter Von Arneth. Paris und Wien: 1865.

imitated this liberality. The rest refused to communicate the letters in their possession; and the rest, it need not be said, included the families in whose hands the most important letters are to be found. Herr von Arneth accordingly abandoned his undertaking, but the interest lately awakened in France about Maria Theresa's youngest and most famous daughter has induced him to contribute his share to the materials which are collecting for Marie Antoinette's history. He makes no direct criticism on the late French collections, but he observes that, in the case of letters attributed to her, it is in the highest degree desirable and satisfactory to be sure that they are genuine. The drawback on the French collections undoubtedly is that the ownership of the letters is so imperfectly traced, and that in many cases even the place where they are now to be found is left to conjecture. Herr von Arneth leaves us in no uncertainty on this head. The letters in his volume are from a "cabinet," which is now preserved, and probably always has been preserved since it was put together, in the Emperor's private library, with the title, "1770-1780, Correspondance de S. M. l'Impératrice Reine avec la Reine de France," and containing ninety-three letters of the Queen, and seventy from Maria Theresa. Of the Queen's letters, thirty-seven are the actual letters sent in the Queen's own handwriting; the rest are transcripts, in the hand of the Empress's private secretary, and there are some instances where both original and transcript are found to test and confirm the transcriber's accuracy. The letters of the Empress, of course, are only draughts in the secretary's writing, not always perfect in their French. The Queen from the first was in the habit of burning her mother's letters, as, from some of the things contained in them, it was natural that she should do. Another point of interest in the volume is that it is a correspondence. It is not merely here and there that a letter finds its answer; but, as a general rule, the threads of one run on into the next, from the first letter of Marie Antoinette, in July 1770, a few weeks after her marriage, to the last from the Empress, which she ends by saying that she has been suffering for some weeks from rheumatism in her right arm, and for that reason her letter is less well written than usual, and she must finish. The letter is dated November 3, 1780, and on the 29th of the same month the Empress died. The correspondence is very affectionate on both sides, very open and confiding, and throughout the Empress and the Queen never cease to be mother and daughter, and disclose each her own character in a very natural way, without constraint or reserve. The volume shows us a good deal of both; but the leading part in the correspondence, and that which has most importance and interest, belongs to the Empress.

These letters show at once the clearness with which Maria Theresa saw her daughter's faults and dangers, and her own fatal mistake in the method which she took to counteract them. From the first, Marie Antoinette's levity, and self-will, and passion for frivolous amusements, filled her mother with great anxiety; but it was a disastrous remedy to tempt one so ignorant, so shallow, so hasty, yet so high-spirited, and brilliant, and dauntless, into meddling with public affairs, and thinking that she was fit to control Ministers and direct a policy. Maria Theresa's counsels, which are those of motherly care and experience while her daughter was merely the Dauphiness, become much more earnest and serious to the young Queen. At first the admonitions are only about manners and personal habits. The Empress is afraid of the slovenly ways of the French Royal Family, their slack and self-indulgent negligence; she hears some stories about bad dressing, and even of want of care about "la propreté des dents":—

Je vous prie, ne vous laissez aller à la négligence, à votre âge cela ne convient pas, à votre place encore moins; cela attire après soi la mal-propreté, la négligence, et l'indifférence même dans tout le reste de vos actions, et cela ferait votre mal: c'est la raison pourquoi je vous tourmente, et je ne saurais assez prévenir les moindres circonstances qui pourraient vous entraîner dans les défauts où toute la famille Royale de France est tombée depuis longues années; ils sont bons, vertueux pour eux-mêmes, mais nullement faits pour paraître, donner le ton, ou pour s'amuser honnêtement, ce qui a été la cause ordinaire des égarements de leurs chefs, qui, ne trouvant aucune ressource chez eux, ont cru devoir en chercher au dehors. On peut être vertueux, gai et en même temps répandu; mais quand on est retiré au point de n'être qu'avec peu de monde, il arrive nombre de mécontents, de jaloux, d'envieux, de tracasseries: mais si on est répandu dans le grand monde, comme cela était ici, il y a 15 ou 20 ans, alors on évite tous ces inconvénients, et on s'en trouve bien pour l'âme et le corps.—(Nov. 1770.)

The Dauphiness was very fond of riding, and this the Empress is for ever preaching against, especially "si vous montez en homme." She binds her daughter to a promise never, at any rate, to follow the hunt on horseback—a promise which, on the strength of the newspaper reports, she has often to charge Marie Antoinette with breaking. The young lady must try to mend her handwriting, which is every day getting worse, though she has been ten months practising. "Lûchez," writes the Empress, "de tapisser un peu votre tête de bonnes lectures." Marie Antoinette is plainly not much given that way, but she reports her reading from time to time. She reads De l'Etoile's journal of the times of the League, and finds Hume's *History of England* interesting, "though it is necessary to remember that he was a Protestant"; and her confessor has given her "the Book of Tobias, with a very pious paraphrase," of which she reads a verse or two a day. The Empress does not like to hear of her off-hand manners, of her not speaking to people, of her even laughing at them:—

Il me revient de toute part et trop souvent que vous avez beaucoup diminué de vos attentions et politesses à dire à chacun quelque chose d'agréable et de convenable, de faire des distinctions entre les personnes. . . mais ce qui est pire que tout le reste, on prétend que vous commencez à donner du ridicule au monde, d'éclater de rire au visage des gens: cela

vous ferait un tort infini et à juste titre, et ferait même douter la bonté de votre cœur: pour complaire à cinq ou six jeunes dames ou cavaliers, vous perdriez le reste.—(Aug. 1771.)

The Empress is very much afraid of the influence of "Mesdames," and of their drawing the Dauphiness into their set:—

Jusqu'à cette heure on a attribué que vous étiez dirigée par Mesdames. . . vous devez savoir que ces princesses, pleines de vertus et mérites réels, n'ont jamais su se faire aimer ni estimer, ni de leur père ni du public. . . Ne gâtes pas ce fond de tendresse et bonté que vous avez, et ne copiez pas des originaux qui n'ont jamais réussi dans le public, nonobstant leur mérite réel.—(July, Aug. 1771.)

And when Marie Antoinette omits to notice in her answer her mother's warning, the Empress writes warmly:—

Ce qui m'a fait de la peine, et m'a convaincu de votre peu de volonté de vous en corriger, c'est le silence entier sur le chapitre de vos tantes, ce qui était pourtant le point essentiel de ma lettre, et qui est cause de tous vos faux pas. Dans le reste c'est sur ce point, ma chère fille, que vous me devez suivre et me mettre au fait. Est-ce que mes conseils, ma tendresse méritent moins de retour que la leur! J'avoue, cette réflexion me perce le cœur. Comparez quel rôle, quelle approbation ont-elles dans ce monde? et, cela me coûte à le dire, quel est-ce que j'ai joué? Vous devez donc me croire de préférence. . . A force de bonté et coutume de se laisser gouverner par quelques-uns, elles se sont rendues odieuses, désagréables et ennuyées pour elles-mêmes et l'objet des cabales et tracasseries. Je vous vois prendre le même train et je dois me taire? Je vous aime trop pour le pouvoir et le vouloir; et votre silence affecté sur ce point m'a fait bien de la peine et peu d'espérance de changement.—(Oct. 1771.)

It must be confessed that, when we remember Maria Theresa's lofty and pure character, parts of her advice to her young married daughter sound rather odd. These parts are where she speaks of Louis XV., and recommends the behaviour to be adopted to his mistress, Madame du Barry. Of course the wife of the heir to the throne had to take the French Court as she found it. Even to such a head of it as Louis XV. outward respect and deference were due from her, and it would have been indecorous and mischievous for a person in her position to give herself airs and make quarrels. But it is very strange to hear the religious and high-souled Maria Theresa, not content with advising caution and self-restraint, actually going into raptures of admiration and eulogy, and claiming her daughter's sympathy with them, towards this "meilleur des pères." She is shocked to be told of her daughter's shyness and awkwardness with him, and with some other people also:—

Cette crainte et embarras de parler au roi, le meilleur des pères, celle de parler aux gens, à qui on vous conseille de parler! Avouez cet embarras, cette crainte de dire seulement le bon jour: un mot sur un habit, sur une bagatelle vous coûte tant de grimaces, pures grimaces, ou c'est pire, vous vous êtes donc laissée entraîner dans un tel esclavage, que la raison, votre devoir même, n'ont plus de force de vous persuader. Je ne puis plus me taire après la conversation de Mercy, et tout ce qu'il vous a dit, que le roi souhaitait et que votre devoir exigeait, vous avez osé lui manquer: quelle bonne raison pouvez-vous alléguer? Aucune. Vous ne devez connaître ni voir la Barry d'un autre œil que d'être une dame admise à la cour et à la société du roi. Vous êtes la première sujette de lui, vous lui devez obéissance et soumission: vous devez l'exemple à la cour, aux courtisanes, que les volontés de votre maître s'exécutent. Si on exigeait de vous des bassesses, des familiarités, ni moi ni personne pourrait vous les conseiller; mais une parole indifférente, de certains regards, non pour la dame, mais pour votre grand-père, votre maître, votre bienfaiteur.—(September 1771.)

"Un si bon père, un si bon prince," she writes again, "peut-il vous imposer, que vous ayez de la peine à vous en expliquer?" Again she comes to the charge—"On vous connaît une certaine gêne, qui ôte tout le mérite de vos actions, et ce bon père le mérite si bien!" If Louis XV. had been the holiest and most venerable of grandfathers, she could not have recommended him in warmer or more earnest terms to her daughter's tender reverence than she does in these confidential letters. But at least Louis was the head of the Court and the family. There was another person to whom not even the favour of "ce bon père" could give a claim to any one's respect. Yet Maria Theresa is just as anxious that her daughter should not offend Madame du Barry as that she should be on terms of daughterly ease and affection with the "meilleur des pères." The great Empress is for ever in a fidget lest the Dauphiness should fail in the proper attentions due to the King's mistress; and Marie Antoinette has to show, in spite of reports to the contrary, that she has addressed the fit number of words to the powerful and dangerous lady, and to defend herself against the charge of neglecting her, with as much earnestness as if she had been repelling the imputation of too great intimacy with her.

The Empress quickly took the alarm at the reports which came to Vienna through the newspapers, and probably the ambassadors, about the Queen of France. Her manner of writing is altered—it is less peremptory, but it is more uneasy and serious. And though there is no cooling of affection or failing of confidence on the part of the daughter, she begins to get bored by the mother's lectures, which at times are sharply resented. The Queen's choice of friends and advisers, her frequent appearance in public with the Comte d'Artois, her manner to the king, her recklessness about expense, her fashions of dress, her keenness for play, call forth warnings from the Empress. "Point de familiarité, ni jouer la comédie; je crains la dissipation pour vous plus que tout autre; il faut absolument vous occuper de choses sérieuses." She foresaw and foretold what would be the effect on the Queen's popularity, and on public opinion about her in France, of her incorrigible and reckless defiance of custom, and her want of self-restraint. Her own austere and high nature revolted at seeing a Queen of France playing the fool out of mere gaiety and love of frolic, and, in the midst of public disaster and trouble, abandoning herself to a girlish frivolity and love of unceremonious enjoyment, which meant no

harm, but on which suspicion was sure to fall in so loose and corrupt a Court, and with such questionable and perilous associates:—

Toujours sans le roi [she writes in 1776], et avec tout ce qui est de plus mauvais à Paris et de plus jeune, que la reine, cette charmante reine, est presque la plus âgée de toute la compagnie. Ces gazettes, ces feuilles, qui faisaient l'agrément de mes jours, qui marquaient des bienfaits et des traits les plus généreux de ma fille, sont changées: on n'y trouve que courses de chevaux, jeux de hasard et veilles, de façon que je n'ai plus voulu les voir: mais je ne peux empêcher qu'on m'en parle.

She saw with distress and alarm the early enthusiasm in favour of the Queen giving way to spiteful and impertinent gossip about her, and to general dislike and want of respect; and though she could abuse French fickleness, she understood but too well the reasons of this change of feeling, and discerned the mischief which was impending. The way in which the Queen speaks of the dismissal of Malesherbes and Turgot—"j'avoue à ma chère maman que je ne suis pas fâchée de ces départs, mais je ne m'en suis pas mêlée"—brings down a rebuke from the Empress. And soon after comes another remonstrance about extravagance:—

Toutes les nouvelles de Paris annoncent que vous avez fait un achat de bracelets de 250,000 livres, que pour cet effet vous avez dérangé vos finances et chargé de dettes, et que vous avez pour y remédier donné de vos diamants à très-bas prix, et qu'on suppose après que vous entraînez le roi à tant de profusions inutiles, qui depuis quelque temps augmentent de nouveau et mettent l'état dans la détresse où il se trouve. Je crois ces articles exagérés; mais j'ai cru qu'il était nécessaire que vous soyez informée des bruits qui courent, vous aimant si tendrement. Ces sortes d'anecdotes percent mon cœur, surtout pour l'avenir: mais voilà deux autres circonstances qui m'ont comblée de consolation. On attribue à vous les bons procédés du Comte d'Artois vis-à-vis de sa femme, et on ne peut assez dire de ceux que vous aviez pour elle. Je reconnais en cela ma bonne et tendre fille, du même dans l'histoire de cette bonne grand-maman dont vous avez pris l'enfant: toutes ces anecdotes me font revivre, mais celle des diamants m'a humiliée. Cette légèreté française avec toutes ces extraordinaires parures. Ma fille, ma chère fille, la première reine, le deviendrait elle-même. Cette idée m'est insupportable.—(Sept. 1776.)

"Je n'ai rien à dire sur les bracelets," is the Queen's reply, "je n'ai pas cru qu'on pût chercher à occuper la bonté de ma chère maman de pareilles bagatelles." But Maria Theresa was deeply distressed. She writes with extreme uneasiness to the Abbé de Vermond, the Queen's secretary and former tutor:—

Je suis bien touchée de vos services et attachement, qui n'ont pas d'exemple; mais je le suis aussi de l'état de ma fille, qui court à grands pas à sa perte, étant entourée de bas flatteurs qui la poussent pour leurs propres intérêts. Dans ces circonstances, ma fille a besoin de vos secours.

And to the Queen herself she writes:—

Il n'y a que la légèreté que je crains, et que je ne saurais vous cacher là-dessus mes craintes. Vous passez fort légèrement sur les bracelets, mais cela n'est pas tel que vous voulez l'envisager: une souveraine s'avilit en se parant, et encore plus, si elle pousse cela à des sommes si considérables et en quel temps! Je ne vois que trop cet esprit de dissipation: je ne puis me taire, vous aimant pour votre bien, non pour vous flatter. Ne perdez pas par de frivolité le crédit que vous êtes acquies au commencement; on sait le roi très-modéré, ainsi la faute resterait seule sur vous. Je ne souhaite survivre à un tel changement. Je suis toute à vous.—(Oct. 1776.)

To turn Marie Antoinette from these frivolous and dangerous ways, the Empress tried to interest her in the management of public affairs. She was only too successful. A daughter of Maria Theresa, married to a stupid and incapable husband, was easily persuaded that she ought to have a taste for government. She had the taste; but, of the requisite qualities, none except her high spirit. And Maria Theresa was a bad adviser for a French Queen, and for a French Queen presiding over a corrupt Court, a bankrupt State, and a nation on the verge of anarchy, and ready for the wildest experiments of change. It was natural enough that she should offer herself and be accepted as the director of conscience, as it were, to the inexperienced pair who were called to succeed Louis XV. and reap the fruit of his sixty years of misgovernment. But the advice of "une vieille bonne maman et souveraine" which she addressed to them had two disadvantages; it was the advice of one accustomed to Austrian ideas of government, and it was the advice of one who could not help measuring what was good for France by what was good for Austria. Her first fear was of a Prime Minister in France—a Richelieu or even a Mazarin:—"Point de gens fougueux, violents, ambitieux," she writes in the first weeks of the new reign, "point de premier ministre; cela fait trop souffrir le reste de ses égaux et le peuple. Que le roi soit lui-même son premier ministre." But though she warned so strongly against a French Prime Minister, she did all that she could to make a foreign ambassador the secret but all-powerful director of the views and measures of the French Government. Many sensible remarks on the general rules to be followed, and wise warnings against the symptoms of weakness, extravagance, and irresolution which soon showed themselves, were not enough to counterbalance the great mistake, as regards her daughter, of which Maria Theresa was guilty. This was her attempt to make up for the Queen's real unfitness to deal with public affairs by bidding her on every occasion apply for direction to Mercy, the Austrian ambassador. This plan began from the first. The burden of almost every letter is, "Take Mercy's advice." Marie Antoinette is scolded at first for not making more of Mercy, and not being open and confiding enough with him. Whatever the subject is—whether the proper way of behaving to Madame du Barry, or the part to be taken by the Queen in an affair of state—the Empress's last word is always, "Go and talk to Mercy about it." This, for instance, is in answer to Marie Antoinette's small mutiny about being civil to the mistress:—

Vous m'avez fait rire de vous imaginer que moi ou mon ministre pourrais jamais vous donner des conseils contre l'honneur; pas même contre

la moindre décence. . . . Qui peut vous conseiller mieux, mériter votre confiance, que mon ministre, qui connaît à fond tout l'état et les instruments qui y travaillent! . . . Son attachement, sa capacité devraient vous tranquilliser et vous en servir, (sic) comme d'une ressource dans toutes les différentes occasions où vous pourriez vous trouver; mais il ne suffit pas de l'entretenir seulement; il faut suivre tous les conseils sans exception qu'il vous donnera; il faut par une conduite compassée et suivie vous mettre à même de suffire à tout. Je vous répète, ma chère fille, si vous m'aimez, de suivre mon conseil, c'est de suivre sans hésiter et avec confiance tout ce que Mercy vous dira ou exigera; s'il souhaite que vous répétiez vos attentions vis-à-vis de la dame ou d'autres, vis-à-vis du C^{te} de Provence ou elle, de le faire.—(Feb. 1772.)

And the same tone of advice prevails throughout. "Look upon Mercy," she repeats again and again, "as being your Minister as well as mine." The lesson was but too well learned. For all that cost trouble, for all that involved knowledge and experience of business, the Queen depended on Mercy. All that she brought to public affairs, when she interrupted her easy and elegant trifling to meddle with them, was her bright and clear spirit, and, as often as she felt strongly and was in earnest, her resolute will. She was encouraged to lean with blind confidence on an adviser who, when times of difficulty came, was as much at a loss as herself. What she derived from her trust in Mercy was the odium of taking her views of duty, interest, and policy from the lips of a foreign Minister. We see in these letters how the lesson was taught her, not by an ambitious rival or insidious enemy, but by the most affectionate of mothers.

Maria Theresa's idea of the political relations which she wished to establish between France and Austria was a very simple one. It was that of a family alliance between the Houses of Hapsburg and Bourbon to arrest the ambition of the King of Prussia, and to protect the Roman Catholic religion against the threatening encroachment of the Protestant and "Aatholic" Powers. She was always dwelling on the identity of interests and of dangers between the two Houses and the two nations. The old causes of jealousy between France and Austria had passed away. The real menace to Europe was that "bad neighbour," full of perfidy and violence, who had wounded Austria so deeply, and who was the natural enemy of all other princes. She speaks of him as people used to speak of Napoleon, or, in our own day, of Nicholas. "Ma chère fille," she writes, "il ne s'agit plus de jalousie entre nos deux monarchies, il s'agit de se soutenir bien étroitement liés qu'aucun ne puisse espérer de nous pouvoir séparer. Le sang nous lie si heureusement. . . . Nos intérêts sont les mêmes." There is no longer anything to fear from the supposed "prépotence" of the House of Austria:—"Je défie," she repeats, "qui que ce soit, d'avoir plus à cœur la gloire de la France et de l'Espagne que nous." And the business of the Queen of France, as directed by her mother, was to keep the King up to his duty as an ally of Austria and the Austrian House, to work against the reluctance of his government to engage in a Continental war, to throw her influence, her rebukes and strong speeches, her tears if necessary, into the scale against the counsels of cold-hearted and indifferent Ministers. This was the advice given by the Empress, and naturally enough adopted by her daughter—advice which treated the political interests of two such countries as France and Austria as if they were simply matters of family arrangement between two sets of relations:—

Tâchez que dans tous les grands et petits événements à l'avenir on s'entende préalablement; unique moyen pour le bien de nos états et familles, qui par bonheur ne font qu'une. . . . Malheureusement les anciens préjugés dans nos deux nations ne sont pas encore si effacés que je le souhaiterais, et on trouve souvent encore revenir des anciennes préventions, contre lesquelles il n'y a que notre constance et amitié qui à la longue triomphera pour le bien de nos maisons, peuples, et sainte religion. Ce sont des objets bien grands et chers, pour ne rien négliger à les consolider et éterniser. Ma chère fille! vous pouvez beaucoup, en suivant ces principes, et en voulant écouter et suivre les insinuations de Mercy qui a toute ma confiance, et qui vous est sûrement aussi attaché qu'aucun de vos Français et ministres.—(July, 1779.)

Maria Antoinette accepted the "system" and the "principles" which came recommended to her by the authority of such a mother. She recognised the permanent obligation of supporting her family, whether or not she knew anything of the effect of such a policy on the interests of France. "My business," she said, "shall be to maintain the union between our two countries, if I may so express myself." She "spoke strongly" to the Ministers when they hung back. She expressed her dissatisfaction at despatches and notes, and called Secretaries of State to account in the King's presence. And thus, when her own troubles came, her natural thought was to regard the cause of the French Monarchy as a matter, not of national, but of royal concern, giving her a claim on all princes, but especially on her own family and that of Austria, which she had been accustomed to consider as bound up in a community of interests with the House of Bourbon. Her mother had taught her that one great Crown ought to help another allied to it by blood and religion, especially against bad people who wanted to disturb the earth. On this view she acted when the revolutionists in France were too strong for her. It was a fatal error, but it was part of the political education which she had received from Maria Theresa.

TRANSACTIONS OF THE ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.*

A NEW volume of the *Transactions of the Ethnological Society* is always welcome. We feel certain of finding some papers which contain the results of original observation, and as to the more speculative articles, they are generally lively and amusing,

* *Transactions of the Ethnological Society of London*. Vol. III. New Series. John Murray: 1865.

even if not always perfect specimens of close reasoning or fair argument. Another peculiarity of the *Transactions of the Ethnological Society* is the entire freedom which the contributors enjoy. There are few questions of any importance in ethnology on which we do not find opinions diametrically opposed to each other, expressed with unhesitating confidence by the writers of different articles. Let us take the question whether the different races of mankind had one beginning or many. Mr. Farrar tells us that the opinion at one time almost universal—namely, that the diversities of type and complexion observable in the human race might easily be accounted for by the effects of climate, custom, food, and manner of life—is now entirely abandoned by the majority of scientific men. He considers the arguments by which it is refuted almost irrefragable. Mr. Christie, in an article on the "Cave-dwellers in France," sums up in favour of the high antiquity, but nevertheless of the unity, of the human race:—

In conclusion, it must be admitted that the facts here stated do bear on the hitherto presumed duration of man's existence on earth, and can only be fairly interpreted in favour of a higher antiquity than was once assigned to it; that these and kindred researches are doing, in degree, for the chronology of man what geology has already done for the chronology of the earth's crust; but at the same time I am bound to confess that, so far, nothing in the investigation of the works of uncivilized or primitive man, either of ancient or modern times, appears to necessitate a change in the old cherished idea of the unity of the human race.

Mr. Wallace, in his comprehensive essay on "Man in the Malay Archipelago," considers the admission of the high antiquity of man as the only means of escaping from the necessity of different beginnings of human life on earth:—

The great attention that has recently been given to the problem of the antiquity of man, and the advance made towards a solution of it, has invested the question of the origin of races with a new interest, and has also furnished to the ethnologist the means of avoiding many of the difficulties which formerly embarrassed him. When even the geologist would only grant us a very limited period for the existence of the human race upon the earth—when he, to a certain extent, supported the popular belief that man had originated but a few thousand years ago—no wonder that the ethnologist found it impossible to account for the vast differences observed in mankind by any natural process of change. Not only have we manners and customs which among the less civilized races change but slowly, but we have languages the most diversified and the most incongruous, which we in vain seek to trace back to a common origin. . . . These insurmountable difficulties have led ethnologists to adopt the hypothesis that man is not one, but many; that, whenever he originated, it was in several localities and under various forms; that, in fact, the chief races of man are aboriginally distinct, and were created as they now are, and where they are now found.

Mr. Wallace then proceeds to show how the ethnologist, gratefully accepting the permission to place the origin of man at an indefinitely remote epoch, finds his difficulties much diminished, or almost entirely removed; and though he does not give his adhesion to the monogenetic theory, he admits the transition of the Chinese or Tatar into the Malay type, and looks upon the brown New Zealanders, the black Papuans, and the yellowish *Alfurus* as varieties of one type. The Vice-President of the Society, the venerable Mr. Crawford, who entertains very decided opinions on most subjects, does not utter an uncertain sound on this question:—

From all that has been stated [he says] in the course of this paper, the conclusion seems to me inevitable, that the earth could not have been peopled throughout from a single point of its surface, and from a single tribe or family, and that all the theories founded on this assumption are but the wild and incoherent dreams of learned and ingenious men, giving full rein to their imagination.

It is but fair to state, for the benefit of those who have not read the article, that in these final sentences Mr. Crawford is not, as might seem, slashing away at Moses, but at the starters and abettors of the Aryan or Indo-European heresy. If even the *Transactions of the Society* are pervaded by this pugnacious spirit, what must the meetings be when these papers are read and freely discussed? Perhaps this intellectual friction is the best process for calling out sparks of truth here and there; yet we regret the absence of some moderating power, if it were only in order to gather all these sparks into one focus. Why should there not be a Secretary to tell us in a note, whenever these broad statements occur, that the evidence on which they rest, or are supposed to rest, may be found on such and such a page; or that certain startling assertions with which we meet now and then have been related by another member of the Society; or, again, to add a reference to what might otherwise seem unsupported statements? A mere index would, to a certain extent, answer the purpose; for we should then, under each heading, find the conflicting views placed side by side.

Apart, however, from articles treating on questions of merely ephemeral interest, and in which the reader is expected to admire the skill of the advocate rather than the dispassionate reasoning of the philosopher, this third volume of the *Transactions of the Ethnological Society* contains several contributions of permanent value. We can only point out a few. Mr. Markham's list of the tribes in the Valley of the Amazon, arranged alphabetically, and amply illustrated by bibliographical notices, will prove a very useful guide to the explorer of that field of ethnology; and Mr. John Lubbock's tables, giving the results of Mr. Bateman's researches in "Ancient British Tumuli," are equally welcome, as conveying, in a condensed form, much valuable information, and bringing out some points in a clearer light.

Mr. Galton contributes an interesting paper "On the First Steps towards the Domestication of Animals." He combats the

idea that the taming of animals was the result of any preconceived intention, or that it implies a high civilization among the people who undertook it. He thinks, on the contrary, that a vast number of half-unconscious attempts in this direction were made throughout the course of ages; and that ultimately, by slow degrees, after many relapses and continued selection, our several domestic breeds became firmly established. How early the domestication of certain animals must have been achieved may be seen from the evidence of language; for in most of the Aryan languages the names for cow, dog, horse, are the same, and must have been fixed, therefore, previously to the Aryan separation. There are few, if any, wild animals which are called by the same names in several or all of the branches of the Aryan family of speech. This is important, for we can hardly imagine any considerable advance in civilization without the domestication of at least the dog and the cow. The dog has been called *le premier élément du progrès de l'humanité*, and to a certain extent this is true. The East has been the cradle of civilization, if we may believe M. Toussenet, the author of *L'Esprit des Bêtes*, because the East is the native country of the dog. The Red Indians, who had no dogs, were not able to keep their flocks together, and in hunting they had to spend days and nights in tracking the game from wood to wood. The inhabitants of Asia could keep large flocks without having all their energies absorbed in constant watching, their dogs being there to watch for them; nor were they obliged to cultivate the degrading art of discovering for themselves the scent of animals—a service performed by the dog as well as by man, and even better. It is a bold assertion of M. Toussenet that cannibalism was only known among races who possessed no dogs, but it certainly holds good in America, and in most of the islands of the Malay Archipelago. The Esquimaux, the only race in America which possess dogs, are likewise the only race against which the charge of anthropophagism has never been substantiated.

The two most remarkable papers in the present volume of *Transactions* are those of Mr. Wallace "On the Varieties of Man in the Malay Archipelago," and of Mr. Christie "On the Prehistoric Cave-dwellers in Southern France." Both are written by men thoroughly familiar with their subjects. Mr. Wallace spent eight years among the islands of the Malay Archipelago. He visited about thirty of these, and nearly one hundred towns and villages, sailing in native praus among their dangerous coral reefs, and dwelling in the huts of their uncivilized inhabitants. His journeys from island to island within the archipelago amounted to a total of about fifteen thousand miles, of which more than four thousand were made in open boats and native praus, constructed without the use of iron, and fastened together with wooden pegs and rattans. Mr. Wallace's description of the scenery, of the animals, but, most of all, of the different races of men who inhabit these islands, are most graphic, and give as living a picture of distant worlds as words can give. The way in which he contrasts the two principal races—the *Malays*, who inhabit almost exclusively the western half of the archipelago, and the *Papuans*, whose head-quarters are New Guinea and some of the adjacent islands—is quite masterly. We imagine we see the brown, short, straight-haired, beardless Malay, proudly fingering what he is pleased to call his moustache, or a beard consisting of a few hairs, produced from a mole on one side of the chin; and the tall, black-skinned, frizzly-haired, bearded and altogether hairy Papuan, bursting out into yells of laughter at every novel sight. The one is broad-faced, with a small nose and flat eyebrows; the other long-faced, with a large and bold nose, and projecting eyebrows. The Malay is bashful, cold, undemonstrative; the Papuan bold, impetuous, and noisy. These two, however, are not the only races which inhabit the archipelago. In the northern peninsula of Gilolo, in the island of Ceram, in Boaru, and other places, we meet with the *Alfurus*, who are quite distinct from the Malays, and almost equally so from the Papuans. They have Papuan features, but in colour they are quite as light as the Malays. And in the Philippines and the Malay peninsula a fourth race appears, the *Negritos*, who have frequently been mixed up by ethnologists with the Papuans, but who, according to Mr. Wallace, differ more from the Papuans than from the Malays. They are almost dwarfs, below five feet in stature, with small flattened noses, and with negro hair.

Mr. Wallace's theory on the origin of these races may be shortly stated as follows. If we draw a line, commencing on the eastern side of the Philippine Islands, thence along the western side of Gilolo, through the island of Bouru, and curving coastwise round the west end of Flores, then bending back round Sandalwood Island to take in Rotti, we shall divide the archipelago into two portions. This line will separate the Malayan and Asiatic from the Papuan and Pacific races, and nearly coincide with the line which determines the zoological divisions of the archipelago into an Indo-Malayan and Austro-Malayan region. The Malayan race resembles physically the East Asian populations from Siam to Manchouria. The Negritos, though quite distinct from the Malays, are found again in the Andaman Islands and in a portion of the continent. On the eastern side, on the contrary, a race identical with the Papuans is found in all the islands as far east as the Fidjis; beyond this the brown Polynesian race is spread everywhere over the Pacific, resembling strongly the *Alfurus* of Gilolo and Ceram. According to Mr. Wallace, the brown and the black—the Papuan, the natives of Gilolo and Ceram, the Fidjian, the inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands and of New Zealand (and perhaps even of Australia)—are all varying forms of one great Oceanic or Polynesian race. This

Oceanic race is supposed to have inhabited a large continent which is now in part sunk beneath the ocean; and while the Malay and Negrito races of the archipelago are derived from the Asiatic, the Papuan and Alfuru races are traced back to that Oceanic continent. In this view there is no doubt much that is simply speculative, but the speculations are those of a man who is familiar with all the facts that have to be considered. Mr. Wallace claims no more in favour of his view than this, that the facts with which he has become acquainted during a number of years spent in those latitudes have naturally settled down in the form in which he represents them, and that he has not allowed any prejudice or predilections to interfere with their settlement.

In Mr. Christie's papers, too, we have the work of a man who has spent many years among his favourite flints. In his museum there are specimens of stone implements from almost every part of the world—from Scandinavia and Greece, from the eastern shores of the Atlantic and the steppes of Russia, from the valleys of Mount Sinai, the grottos of Bethlehem, the caves of Lebanon, the plain of Babylon, from India, the Indian Archipelago, the isles north of Japan, and the frozen shores of the Arctic Sea. China has not yet yielded evidence of a stone age. But in Africa stone implements have been collected in Nubia, on the central plateau of the Atlas ranges, and on their northern and southern slopes, and southward at the Cape of Good Hope. The northern continent of America is covered by stone weapons in its length and breadth, while in the southern half they have been found from the Cordillera of Peru to the Tierra del Fuego, in the islands of the West Indies, the low lands of the Amazon and the Orinoko, and the forest fastnesses of Brazil. But although collected from the most distant parts of the world, all stone implements, according to Mr. Christie, show a marvellous coincidence, not merely in the simplest and most primitive, but also in a more complex type. It would be difficult, therefore, if not impossible, to use the stone implements by themselves for the purpose of classifying the deposits in which they are found. On the contrary, it is only by the character of those deposits that it is possible to arrange the stone implements in chronological or paleontological order. Mr. Christie lays down the following scale by which the numerous remnants of the stone age may be measured and determined. The earliest specimens are found in the drift, together with the mammoth and rhinoceros as predominant animals; the horse, too, being met with, and occasionally the reindeer. The next period is that of the caves, with the reindeer as predominant, with unpolished axes, but no traces of weaving or pottery. Then follows the period of the Kjökkenmøddings in Denmark, without traces of the reindeer, without polished axes, but distinguished by pottery and domesticated animals. In the next period—that marked by the lake dwellings—the majority of axes are ground, pottery is abundant, woven stuffs are met with, the reindeer is entirely replaced by domesticated animals, and there is evidence of the cultivation of wheat. We lastly emerge to the surface period, when in the sepulchres and cromlechs the fauna is more recent still, and pottery abundant, while bronze implements announce the end of the age of stone.

Papers like these, and several others which deserve a more special notice, do honour to the Ethnological Society, and will make its Transactions a valuable repertory for the history and progress of the science of mankind.

SHAKESPEARE JEST-BOOKS.*

THE current and consolatory metaphors applied to the shortness of human life, the vanity of human wishes, and the uncertainty of human expectations, are nearly as appropriate to the vicissitudes of wit and humour. That which exercises the facial muscles of one generation is often impotent on those of another. Some score of couplets are now nearly all that is vitally humorous in *Hudibras*; the once "facetious Tom Browne" is now little better than a dull dog. A gentleman looking from a window in Madrid saw a monk in the opposite house, with a book in his hands, rolling with laughter. "He is reading *Don Quixote*," said the gentleman, and he said truly. Not many sides now-a-days shake for the like reason, and yet the adventures of the "ingenious gentleman" are by no means prominent on the list of books that have ceased to be amusing or mirth-provoking. Does a tithe, or even a thousandth part, of readers in France laugh or even smile now at Rabelais? How many English readers laugh at the humour of Partridge, or the absent fits of Parson Adams? Fewer yet are acquainted with that other Partridge—the almanac maker, whom Swift killed, and Steele resuscitated. We might offer a reward for one who has read the *Spiritual Quixote*, and not be called upon for prompt payment. The *Memoirs of P. P. Clerk of the Parish* are as good as interred in the parish churchyard, and what lawyer above or below bar is familiar with the once famous case of *Stradling v. Stiles*? And if this be the case with books having some pretensions to be classical, much more is it so with professed collections of jests. In general, the first impression on reading them is, provided a certain period of time has passed away, that our forefathers were very oddly, or very easily, amused. "Where be your gibes now, your flashes of merriment that were wont to set the table in a roar?"

* *Shakespeare Jest-Books*. Second and Third Series. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. Carew Hazlitt. London: Willis & Sotheran. 1864.

As in so many of Reynolds's pictures, the colours are faded; the associations which, if they did not actually point the wit, or feed the humour, acted as whetstones to them, are lost; the foibles lashed, or the blunders related, have become superannuated impossibilities. Epigrams, with lapse of time, lose their point; satire loses its sting. Donne, Hall—even Pope himself—afford but slender entertainment. A few lustrums make flat the most excellent fooling. Martial has grown vapid; Lucian has left to him hardly a gibe.

Great men, nay some amongst the greatest, have compiled jest-books—Cæsar, Lord Bacon, even the grave and sarcastic historian Tacitus himself. The puns and rejoinders of Augustus do him great credit. In much request were such *ana* in the days of the monks. The *Gesta Romanorum* were generally meat for the serious, and books of songs and riddles, like that which Master Slender lent "to Alice Shortcake upon Allhallowmas," were milk for babes in grace, as they sat by the refectory fire at Yuletide or other great festivals in the Church Calendar. It has been Shakspeare's lot to have some marvellously poor jests saddled upon him, which, were they genuine, would go far towards persuading us that he had used such collections as the so-called *Shakspeare Jest-Books*. Had he made no better, the Devil's Tavern would soon have proved too hot for him, or his pocket-money have gone in fines, and not for sherris-sack. But their metal has not the Shakspearian ring. Similar attempts were made to father bad jests on Virgil—a proof, it may be, of his having been the owner of some good ones. Cicero's repartees, if we may judge by the samples of them preserved by himself and Plutarch, were of the sub-acid genus—witty rather than humorous. Tiberius—*hominum tristissimus*, as Pliny the Elder calls him—was by no means devoid of humour, though his jokes often "in seria duxerunt." Caligula was a practical joker. Certain wealthy gentlemen having informed him that they had left him a handsome legacy, His Majesty was graciously pleased to be their obliged servant. But finding that they continued to live—*vivere perseverabant*—after their bequest, he put the testators to death. Life, he knew, was short; Cæsar's life he thought, not without reason, was unusually insecure. So he prudently and promptly provided against lapse of legacy.

The second and third volumes of the *Shakspeare Jest-Books* are made up of several collections, carefully edited and annotated by Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who shines more in his capacity of editor than he does in that of historian. Why, however, he entitles the series *Shakspeare's Jest-Books*, any more than Ben Jonson's or Massinger's, we cannot divine, unless, indeed, it is because these volumes were published in the Tercentenary year, a sort of saturnalia as regards the "divine Williams." For republishing them Mr. Hazlitt assigns two very sufficient reasons—one, the extreme rarity of the originals; the other, their value to the philologist and the student of early manners. In the Introductions to each volume he affords the necessary information, bibliographical and historical, about each member of the series.

The *History of Fiction*, by Mr. Dunlop, like all his writings, is a useful if not a very profound work. But its title is a misnomer. Really, it is merely a history of fictitious narratives, not of fiction itself. Before a French, Spanish, or Italian novelist produced one of the Hundred Tales, one of the *Contes de la Reine Margot*, or one *giornata* of the Decameron, hundreds of fatherless stories and unowned jests were flying about the world, the seeds of the coming harvest. With an art resembling that of the floriculturist, these germs were transplanted from the open country into the garden; and were there cherished with more generous soil, until they acquired new powers, and blossomed forth into ampler forms and with more delicate beauty. This, rather than the causes alleged by Mr. Hazlitt, renders *Jest-Books* curious and valuable to all who delight in following to its source or to its early currents the stream of fiction. Manners, customs, and modes of thought and feeling they undoubtedly illustrate; but this is their indirect rather than their immediate use. It is as the atoms of the world of fiction that they are so serviceable to the student of such literature.

If we compare these collectanea of ancient merriment with one another, we shall find that the makers of jests and grave or gay stories were great borrowers and lenders. No few of the sayings of the wise or the witty may be traced, *mutatis mutandis*, to Diogenes Laertius, and Plutarch, and they, too, were collectors and not inventors of them. The maxims ascribed to the Seven Wise Men of Greece have a very Oriental aspect; they are such truisms as betray a distant and forgotten parentage. If the real owners could each claim his maxim or his jest, the oldest known appropriators of them would, we suspect, in many instances, fare as ill as the daw in the fable after the birds had severally stripped him of his borrowed plumes. Mr. Hazlitt, indeed, surmises Sydney Smith to have been one of these conveyers, "as the wise call it." This, however, we stoutly disbelieve. If ever the image and superscription of the rightful Cæsar were stamped on wit-currency, they are on his. But Horace Walpole has been convicted of borrowing from a French *Ana* some of the best stories in his letters, and the book known as the *Jests of Hugh Peters* is made up of stories as old as the fourteenth century. Peters, the Ultra-Protestant, is saddled with adventures originally "made to measure" for the backs of monks and abbots. That "the child is father of the man" is in nothing more apparent than in the disposition of both boys and men to turn their teachers into ridicule. Socrates and the Sophists were the butts of the Greek stage, just as Médecins et Apothécaires were of Molière. But we are sorry to say that our

ancestors derived no small portion of their amusement from their spiritual pastors and masters, contrary to all canons and catechisms in that case made and provided. If Mr. Anthony Trollope had no other merit, he would deserve high praise for having been the first to open a new vein of harmless merriment in characters and pursuits ecclesiastical. He really deserves a leafy crown *ob sacerdotales servatos*. But Boccaccio, and the "fortes ante Agamemnona" in fiction took churchmen especially for their game, classing them with such profane persons as usurers and lawyers, so often as they wished to send readers laughing to their beds. There is an abundant vein of such ridicule in the *Shakespeare Jest-Books*. The cowl and gown were as provocative of laughter in former days as motley itself, and we are afraid that such habiliments are not quite exempt from quips and cranks in our own. The mode in which Churchmen checked inconvenient jesting was, indeed, at the moment efficient. Yet whips, dungeons, and good round fines, to say nothing of occasional loss of ears, did not at any time materially lessen the ranks of mockers. Nay, the clergy themselves did not disdain to use the weapons of their enemies; regulars invented tales to the discredit of seculars, and one order of friars made merry at the expense of another.

The habit of keeping fools in royal and noble houses naturally ministered to the stock of jests. Even now we suffer from the professional punster; but we can hardly conceive the nuisance of a salaried fool in the dwelling. The extremes to which these varlets in motley were privileged to go, and the extravagances they committed without any privilege at all, are shown in the jests of Scogin, Scogan, or Scoggin, in the second volume of this series. If it be surprising that kings should have been so coarse, it is even more incredible that they should have been so dull, as to laugh at the pranks of Merry Andrews who now would scarcely be tolerated at a village fair. The *Jests of George Peele*, again, are for the most part swindling tricks that now, so far from exciting mirth even in a Police Court, would subject their author to discipline which could hardly fail to make him, while it lasted, a sadder if not a wiser man. We have little reason to regret that England is no longer, as is sometimes alleged, "Merrie England," if we are to judge, on the evidence of jest-books, of the diversions of our ancestors. In the *Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham* we have stories illustrating a propensity of men in all ages to fix upon some place as the home of stupidity and stolidity. The verse—

Abderitane pectora plebis habes,

was applied to more than one city or district. In Aristophanes the Boeotian is represented as a dull clown, a character ascribed by the Greeks to the Phrygians; and doubtless the Phrygians, in their turn, singled out some of their neighbours as more dense than themselves. These stories have somewhat the air of Irish bulls, but they are much less entertaining. Jest, as well as myths and legends, have a propensity to adhere to and crystallize around the names of certain persons, who doubtless attracted the wit of others by feats of their own in the same line. Tarleton, who stood high in favour with Queen Elizabeth, both on and off the stage, was one of these nuclei, and *Old Hobson*, a very mythical personage, was another. Hobson, "the merry Londoner," was a haberdasher of small wares in the Poultry, during the reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth. As no less an authority than Mr. Malone has asserted the haberdasher and the Cambridge carrier of the same name to be the same person, we are obliged to Mr. Hazlitt for setting us right on this point. The carrier to whom Milton wrote verses, and who is the Hobson of the proverb "Hobson's choice," lived two full generations later than his namesake. A witty haberdasher in these days, unless he kept his jests for his club or back parlour, would probably find that the "Kitty Spicers and little Miss Sagos" preferred more serious shopmen. But it appears to have been otherwise in days of yore, for the "merry" Londoner was wise also in his generation, "lived long, laughed heartily, and died" at a good old age, "acquired some wealth, and occupied a distinguished position in the city." Some of his "Pleasant Conceits" were at the expense of the Lord Mayor, but they were perhaps condoned in consideration of Master Hobson's being, even in Queen Mary's days, a sound Protestant, and seemingly without prejudice to his goods or his person. The original collector of his jests is not particular about their genuineness, for he ascribes to Hobson jocularities in deed and word which appear in much earlier manuals of mirth. Taylor, the Water Poet, does not properly belong to the class jester, licensed or unlicensed. He was a great favourite with Robert Southey, who quotes him largely in his *Commonplace Book*, and gives an account of his life and writings in his *Uneducated Poets*. Mr. Hazlitt justly considers Taylor's *Wit and Mirth* as one of the best collections of the kind ever published. "Many of the anecdotes," he says, "are peculiarly racy and droll, without being offensive, and the greater part relate to persons who lived in or about the period of the compiler." Taylor, whose occupation as a waterman on the Thames gave him a near interest in the theatres, and to and from which he conveyed passengers in his trim-built wherry, is occasionally a valuable witness for the history of the stage, and his poems, no less than his collection of facetiae, show him to have been a person of some reading as well as of considerable native wit.

Whether this series of *Shakespeare's Jest-Books* will tend to raise our opinion of the wit or wisdom of our ancestors may be doubted. Among several bushels of chaff they contain very few grains of wheat—a ha'porth of bread with an intolerable quantity of sack.

The editor, however, has done his work well, and the jests certainly have the merit he claims for them, of exhibiting manners long since obsolete, and customs that would be far from seemly at the present hour. We can discover in them few and faint traces of Shakespeare's use; but they show us no less forcibly than the plays of his precursors, contemporaries, and successors, the comparative, if not the positive, purity of his dramas. Directly and indirectly, such jests as are contained in these volumes ministered to the feeble comic powers of Marlowe, Peele, Webster, Massinger, Ford, and Dekker. They inserted into their plays scenes of mirth, or more properly of buffoonery, because the groundlings and the gallery, perhaps even the boxes also, of that time demanded them. But for the most part they composed such scenes, or rather interscenes, *invita Minerva*, and not because they combined in themselves, as Shakespeare did, a rich comic with a rich tragic vein. To the Shakspearian drama the jests of Tarleton, Peele, Skelton, and Scogin stand in the relation of Caliban to Prospero—the animal in bondage to the intellectual and moral nature. To the general body of our pre-Restoration play-writers they were useful auxiliaries, ministering to them when wit ran low, and comic situations were not forthcoming, the absurdities, impossibilities, the grossness, and the forced and hollow mirth that render so much of dramatic literature in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries offensive to morality and repulsive to taste. We think, therefore, the title *Shakespeare's Jest-Books*, whenever it was conferred, misplaced. For his honoured name we would substitute the more exact, though perhaps less attractive, epithet of "Early." Such collections generally, it will be seen, we hold in slender estimation. When Rosalind wishes to correct the glib propensities of her lover, the Lord Biron, she imposes on him the penance of jesting to the sick and sorrowful "for one twelvemonth." Perhaps twelve-months devoted to the study of jest-books might have proved as efficient as jesting for the same period "in a hospital."

A SYSTEM OF SURGERY.*

IT might be considered a tolerably respectable antiquity for the art and science of surgery if we consented to date its origin from the time when men first began to knock one another about. But if very ancient and solemn authorities are to be credited, it had a far more august beginning. The deities of old could not suffer disease; but the *animis caelestibus ira* led to a good deal of squabbling, and when there was war in Heaven, war meant wounds, and wounds demanded surgery. The Hindoo, Egyptian, and Greek mythologies are all in the same tale. As *Æsculapius* was descended from the Sun-God, and had two sons, Podalirius and Machaon, so the Oswins, two sons of Swaya, received the Ayur Veda, a Hindoo book on medicine of incalculable antiquity; and it was Orus, the sun-god of Egypt, who transmitted through his two sons the information which made the professional reputation of ancient Egyptian practitioners, as mentioned in the *Odyssey*. Beyond the curious coincidence of this myth being common to three very distinct religions, it possesses also a certain historical importance, the same in kind as that which forms the chief value of many traditions. Credulity is particular about having a real gnat to strain at, before it consents to swallow a camel. Hence many an indication of the ways and faith of men in bygone times exists only like the fly in amber, embedded in incongruous and transparent myths which have grown round and preserved it. It is no very bold conjecture that tales of warfare and its attendant wounds, even though deities were the combatants, found ready and interested listeners among audiences who realized from personal experience the sufferings recounted.

The necessity which first prompted the appointment of men specially for the work of tinkering damaged humanity has never diminished since the time when the art of mutual maiming first occupied the attention of mankind, and the quality of the work done has steadily advanced through ages of added experience. Indeed the ancient chirurgeons were continually improving, and largely exercised their ingenuity in devising contrivances which were copied and amended with each generation. In the sixteenth century medicine remained in much the same condition that it had attained to when *Ætius* condensed into his great book the stores of knowledge garnered at Alexandria; but the progress of the art of surgery had continually and steadily advanced, and since that time has been greatly helped on by increasing study of surgery as a science; the great pioneer in this field being our illustrious countryman, John Hunter.

The comprehensive and important work which is now before us has just been completed in four large volumes, each containing near upon a thousand pages. It represents very thoroughly all modern knowledge upon matters connected with the art and science of surgery; but throughout its pages it affords also continuous testimony how deeply laid were the foundations, and how steadily and surely the builders have worked, through long and fruitful centuries, in honour of *Æsculapius* and for the good of mankind. The *System of Surgery* consists of essays contributed by men of recognised professional position, for the most part enjoying peculiar opportunities of becoming practically conversant with the subjects allotted to them. Some of the most

* *A System of Surgery, Theoretical and Practical, in Treatises by various Authors.* Edited by T. Holmes, M.A. Cantab., Assistant-Surgeon to St. George's Hospital and to the Hospital for Sick Children. 4 vols. London: Parker; Longman & Co. 1860-4.

important matters are treated at great length, but the majority of the treatises might be included under the general title of "Half-hours with the best Surgeons." The name and general plan of the work corresponds to that adopted by Dr. Goss, whose *System of Surgery* is the American text-book on the subject, and has already passed through three editions.

The diseases which affect the whole system—general, specific, and malignant—occupy the first place. Next, the various injuries that may befall humanity—burns, fractures, wounds, and other mischances—are considered both generally and locally. Then follow details of all the work that the surgeon's hands have to do, from the application of a bandage to the performance of the most difficult operations. The surgical diseases to which various parts and organs of the body are liable follow next, and the concluding volume contains a number of supplementary essays on matters for which even this wide and comprehensive scheme could provide no suitable place. The first essay is devoted to "Inflammation," and so important is this subject that all the stores of knowledge gathered in these volumes would be simply dangerous in the hands of one not acquainted with the pathology of inflammation, which so eminently resembles the fire from which it derives its name, in being a good servant but a bad master. It is, in fact, the cornerstone of the whole work, and the mason's mark is that of a very skilful workman, Mr. John Simon. Singly, the essay is one of the most masterly and suggestive in the series. It is graphic almost to a fault. Possessing himself a thorough knowledge of his subject, Mr. Simon writes with the purpose of making others understand it, and so the homely words and strong simple language might mislead the superficial student to believe it a rough or hasty sketch; but the underlying erudition, accuracy, and judgment cannot fail to be appreciated on careful study, as well as the way in which order has been evoked from a chaos of conflicting opinions. For the whole theory of inflammation has been almost entirely remodelled within the last thirty years, gaining in utility what it has lost in high-sounding terms. That the process which carries on reparation of tissue in health and that producing inflammatory action differ only in degree, is one of the simplest and yet most important of the dicta of modern pathology, and, applied to practice, is doing much to beneficially modify treatment. Mr. Simon refers to it again and again, as fresh points arise to add force to the argument. In the following weighty sentences he gives a very epitome of the philosophy of inflammation as now accepted:—

Beyond a limited range of operation (be it chemical, mechanical, or what not) the agencies of textural excitement and the agencies of textural depression become indiscriminately the agencies of textural death; bringing the affected elements of tissue into a state from which they cannot return to their normal irritability—a state regarding which it now matters not whether it have come on them by over-stimulation or over-depression. For, they being essentially dead, the organ to which they belong can only, if at all, recover its effectiveness by substituting other elements in their place. And, as the need for substitution is of course proportionate to the void produced by death, so the consequent action ranges in magnitude from the greatest inflammatory processes to the impalpable doings of health.

The essays which follow in order have their arrangement evidently suggested by the intimate dependence of abscess, sinus, fistula, gangrene, ulceration, &c. on some inflammatory action. Of these, Mr. Paget's essay on "Ulcers" is especially condensed and practical, resembling rather well-revised lecture notes. He gives a very careful analysis of the most important modes of treatment—no easy task where the "infallible cures" for sore legs are numberless, and the recent establishment of an infirmary for their treatment is the culminating absurdity of the special hospital system. The one notable omission in the essay is that of the important influence of rest and position. Mr. Paget's contributions are all contained in the first volume of the work, and the essay on "Tumours," on which subject he is a very high surgical authority, is fully worthy of his reputation.

"Abscess" and "Gangrene" are treated by Mr. Holmes Coote. Under the latter head he refers to his experience as surgeon in the Crimea, describing how fatal, though happily not so frequently as in previous campaigns, was that terrible disease, hospital gangrene. Sometimes, but rarely, it appears in civil hospitals, but it occurs in its most virulent forms among the wounded soldiers after a battle, spreading with mysterious malignity, first killing the part and then the patient. That over-crowding, foul air, bad water, and filth generally have much to do with its virulence there can be little doubt, and this opinion is supported by the recent surgical experience of the American war. In civil hospitals there comes, from time to time, an equally mysterious visitant, which spreads rapidly from case to case, and is a very bugbear to surgeons. This disease of "Surgical Erysipelas" is made the subject of an essay by Mr. de Morgan, which is very full, careful, and judicious. Here, also, the great sanitary influence of cleanliness and fresh air is prominently noted; and it is not less worthy of remembrance in every case of infectious disease, whatever its kind or sort.

"Wounds" (by Mr. Paget), and "Wounds of Vessels" (by Mr. C. H. Moore), form the subjects of excellent essays; and two most serious complications of them which greatly endanger life, tetanus and pyæmia, also find separate notices. Pyæmia, a convenient term introduced rather in anticipation of the proved history of the disease it denotes, is now chiefly applied to cases where an animal poison is introduced into the circulation, or where a less virulent matter infects a broken-down constitution. The essay is exhaustive, but, in the present state of knowledge on the subject, is too dogmatical. Tetanus, that terrible and mysterious spasmodic action of the muscles which squeezes the very life out of a man, was rather prominently

brought before the public some years ago as a marked symptom of poisoning. As yet little is known as to why or how it supervenes on cases of injury. Great expectations were recently entertained that a poison equally potent, but acting in a diametrically opposite manner to strychnia, would prove serviceable in treatment of this disease. The woorara has, however, been fairly tried, and the verdict of Mr. Poland, the author of the essay on "Tetanus," is that it has not fulfilled its promise. To the same author the subject of "Animal Poisons" has been assigned, and hydrophobia is therein very carefully and thoroughly discussed, but, alas, with the old report of the inefficacy of all remedies hitherto employed. The great subject of specific diseases, including the two well-known forms, is treated by Mr. Henry Lee at considerable length, fairly representing the different views held by various authors, for there are few subjects on which professional experience is more extensive, or about which opinions are so much at variance. The subjects of "Fractures" and "Dislocations" are treated in special essays, and again come under notice in the descriptions of the injuries which befall different parts of the body, arranged in order from the head to the extremities. Of these, the essays on "Injuries of the Head," by Mr. Prescott Hewett, and of the "Abdomen," by Mr. Pollock, admirably illustrate two different methods of teaching, systematic and clinical; and both of them are valuable contributions to surgical literature.

There are introduced, in this work, several essays on subjects only remotely belonging to surgery. Thus diphtheria, croup, and diseases of the skin are matters that rather fall within the province of the physician, whilst several other subjects, as delirium tremens, hysteria, apnoea, and parasites have only an accidental surgical importance. Of these essays the most complete and practical are those on "Skin Affections," by Drs. Jenner and Hillier; and on "Parasites," by Mr. Buck. The least satisfactory are the contributions on "Apnoea," by Dr. Harley, and on "Hysteria," by Mr. Savory; and one conclusion of the latter author, that "hysteria is one of the many penalties imposed upon idleness," is obviously erroneous, since that eccentric affection of the nervous system is of rare occurrence among tawny nations, certainly the most idle of all varieties of the human race. The Professor of Military Surgery at Fort Pitt contributes the essay on "Gun-shot Wounds," bringing to bear the experience derived from his own service in the Crimea, and the information afforded by English and French reports of the surgery of that campaign. The importance of such materials is very great, since nearly all practical improvements in the treatment of gun-shot wounds have been attained during campaigns. Indeed, Mr. Guthrie, in his famous commentaries on the surgery of the Peninsular war, said that the surgical principles and practice which prevailed at its commencement were superseded in almost every important point before its conclusion. The two points which especially distinguished the surgery of the Crimean campaign were the use of chloroform and the advance in conservative surgery, amputating rarely, and saving as much as possible of every limb. And the difference in modern projectiles greatly influenced the character of the wounds produced. Dr. Longmore considers every complication which may arise from gun-shot wounds; and so thorough is the information afforded that the young army surgeon might safely adopt this essay as his text-book. At the beginning of the Crimean campaign it was as yet undecided whether chloroform could be with safety administered to a patient whilst still suffering from the shock to the system produced by a gun-shot wound. The then Inspector-General issued an official edict prohibiting its employment, on the assumption that the use of chloroform would still further depress the powers of life, and that "the smart of the knife" was serviceable in rallying the patient. Happily for our soldiers, the Crimean surgeons disregarded this theoretical assumption; and their results confirmed the report of the French surgeons, that chloroform administered during the shock acts much more benignantly and readily than after the patient has rallied; and this also has been the experience of the surgeons in the recent Italian campaign. It is one of the few instances of directly contradictory opinions contained in this work, that Mr. Savory, in an essay on "Collapse," disallows the propriety of administering chloroform under the very conditions where it was so advantageously employed in the Crimea. In the special essay on "Anæsthesia," Mr. Lister adds his testimony to that of Dr. Longmore; but his remarks on the administration of chloroform are very incomplete. He advocates the haphazard method of pouring the fluid on a folded cloth, and does not even mention the scientific apparatus of Mr. Clover, by which the inhaled air is charged with exactly the safe amount of vapour, and this strength cannot be exceeded. Moreover, considering what experience has taught, it is eminently injudicious to state that, before administering chloroform, "preliminary examination of the chest, often considered indispensable, is quite unnecessary, and more likely to induce the dreaded syncope, by alarming the patient, than to avert it."

The diseases of the organs of special sense are separately treated, but here the essays, on the whole, are rather below the average. This is probably in some measure due to the mystery which still surrounds the functional endowments of these organs, and because the great advances recently made necessarily render authors cautious when important discoveries are so frequent. Thus, for instance, the treatment of troublesome affections of the nose has been considerably modified since the essay on this subject appeared, by turning to practical account a physiological observation of Professor Weber of Halle, that people cannot breathe through the nose and mouth at the same

time; so that, by opening and breathing through the mouth, the nasal passages (though communicating with each other) are shut off from the air tubes. Hence any amount of medicated fluids may be pumped into one nostril and will quietly flow away through the other, so long as respiration is carried on open-mouthed. But even this ingenious adaptation is trifling compared with the great discovery which enabled oculists to look into the inner chambers of the eye. The invention of the ophthalmoscope has here greatly modified the opinions and treatment; so that many a patient is now restored, through the new light thrown on the causes of his disease, who would have been formerly considered incurably blind with amaurosis—the “gutta serena” that caused Milton’s darkness, and which he literally translated in the line, “So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs.” The essay, by Mr. Dixon, on “Diseases of the Eye” is eminently practical, but he bears too harshly on the practice formerly pursued, before the discovery of the ophthalmoscope had given a new and sound impulse to the treatment of affections of the eye. Scarcely less important for the diagnosis and treatment of diseases of the throat has been the instrument known as the laryngoscope, whereby an expert observer is able to ascertain the condition of parts down to the very root of the lungs. The promising young surgeon, Mr. Henry Gray, who undertook this part of the work, died whilst the publication was in progress. The instrument and its use is described by Mr. Durham, in a tedious though brief essay, singularly deficient in scientific details as to the principles which should guide its employment. The work of the surgical handiworkman, that which so often makes or mars a reputation, is just one of the things which no book can teach; but the essays on Operative Surgery, by Mr. Henry Smith and Mr. Lister, include all such practical directions as the surgeon, with pressing emergency and knowledge rusted by disuse, would look for in such a comprehensive work.

In the early days of this century, the relative positions of the great European Schools of Surgery differed equally from their ancient order of precedence and from that which they now assume. Italy and France educated the middle-age surgeons. But the Italian schools lost their repute, and British surgery took that foremost place which it certainly occupied half a century ago. During the last twenty years the French schools have revived their ancient repute; and now there is a very close and wholesome contest for precedence in practical surgery between London and Paris, whilst the German Universities are acquiring special renown for pathological investigation. The friendly rivalry has taken a very practical form of late years, crowds of patients yearly crossing the Channel to avail themselves of the skill of famous professors. And in some well-known instances a sort of professional championship has been acknowledged. There was great joy in the schools of Paris when it became known that the opinion of M. Nélaton was correct about the bullet in Garibaldi’s leg, and that the English surgeon sent to see him had been indubitably in error. An equally famous case has since retrieved the position of the British school. The Nestor of European sovereigns was suffering in a way which must soon have worn out a valuable life. The most specially eminent of the French surgeons was summoned to Brussels, but failed to detect the cause. Then they sent for an English surgeon, Mr. Henry Thompson, who found and removed it. There is also a professional *ad dit* that a celebrated American surgeon, Marion Sims, who resigned his large practice in New York rather than renounce his Southern bias, recently received a French decoration in recognition of a somewhat similar success. We may well hope that the contest will be maintained, as such cures give earnest of increasing skill, and the more this advances the better for us. Mr. Henry Thompson contributes to these volumes an excellent essay. Its special value and originality consist in the practical skill with which the symptoms are assigned their respective value, and every influence of importance carefully noted. It is only by such thorough recognition of the exact weight of all symptoms, general as well as local, that the treatment of special forms of disease can be scientifically advanced.

The fourth volume of this work shows the hard shifts to which the editor has been reduced by the vast range of the subjects which he consented to include. He is in the condition of that unfortunate exhibitor of an orrery who attributed his failure to the impossibility of contriving apparatus for exhibiting all the new planets as fast as astronomers discovered them. Mr. Holmes has got over his difficulty by increasing the dimensions of this volume, and reducing the type in its latter half. It comprises also, in an appendix, essays on “Surgical Instruments” and on “Hospitals,” the latter from the experienced pen of Sir Ranald Martin; together with valuable papers on the “Surgical Diseases of Childhood” and on “Surgical Diagnosis and Regional Surgery,” by the editor. Mr. Holmes also contributes to this work five other essays, which find place in their respective departments; and we must express the very highest commendation of the part which Mr. Holmes has himself taken in the production of this work, both as editor and contributor. In certain of the essays he has voluntarily associated with himself surgeons distinguished for their knowledge in one special department. Thus Mr. Shaw writes about the “Spinal Curvature of Childhood,” and Mr. Ernest Hart contributes to the editor’s essay on “Aneurism” the results of his investigations, and of the simple and ingenious method of treatment which he has recently introduced with such marked success.

We have reviewed this work at some length, for it occupies a

first place in the professional literature of the day. Considered as a whole, it has more than fulfilled the original promises of the prospectus. A “System of Surgery” it is not; nor would the title be applicable unless the requirements of the mere beginner, as well as of the qualified practitioner, were considered. But it is something far more valuable. It is a library of surgery for the guidance or assurance of men who need such a book of trustworthy reference in their daily work. As the most complete publication on surgery extant, it will furnish to the ubiquitous British surgeon a safe counsellor and guide in all those emergencies which equally tax his skill, whether the patient be civilized or savage; for the quaint motto of the almost defunct Society of Apothecaries—“Opifer per orbem dicor”—has come to be an absolute truism as concerns our surgeons, who are now sown broadcast over the world. Certain shrewd Scotchmen have wisely recognised the importance of their help in advancing missionary enterprise, and have done much service in this way by the establishment of a Medical Missionary Society. The Chinese did not see any particular advantage to be gained by changing their joss, but fully appreciated the skill of Dr. Colledge in relieving their physical blindness. It is a coming back to the first lesson of the ancient faiths, when men were taught that the great Sun-God was also the giver of that knowledge which saved them from death, and helped them from pain to ease.

THEO LEIGH.*

ALTHOUGH the loves of young men and maidens still occupy the most prominent place in the large majority of novels, the manner in which the universal passion is treated has altered wonderfully. In the old-fashioned romances the author’s chief business invariably was to conduct the lovers through trials and difficulties, apparently inextricable, either into the blissful haven of matrimony or else into their graves. The alternative depended on taste. Some people like to leave their hero and heroine with the conviction that they are going to live happily ever after. Others prefer the sombre pleasure of seeing the faithful pair carried at the close of the third volume gently away from this earthly vale of tears, and in their deaths not divided. The modern novelist declines to resort to extreme measures in either direction. Things are not taken so seriously. The hero or heroine neither comes to an untimely end nor makes a happy match. There are other courses open besides being constant and faithful in the face of stern parents, and finally marrying, or perishing in a shipwreck, or dying of consumption. The consolations of philosophy have been abundantly increased in our days, and it is not surprising, therefore, that the resources of novelists should have become proportionately more varied. The constant swain whose mistress is ever cold and unkind, or whose father threatens to cut him off from his inheritance if he marries the lady of his love, never thinks of doing anything more rash than rushing off to catch salmon in Norway, or applying himself with fervour to business until time has healed the wound, and then he marries somebody else with great contentment. The young lady, too, receives any number of wounds, not exactly with composure, but still without suffering any mortal hurt; and she is left, after being twice or thrice jilted, quite able, as Miss Thomas says, to find a “certain pleasure in the reflection that a woman’s life is not over with the destruction of her first, best, and dearest hopes.” Mr. Trollope is the master of this rather comfortable way of looking at the miseries of an unlucky passion. Nobody has done so much towards making the course of true love and the results of disappointment fill something like the same space in a novel that they do in real life. The secret once disclosed, there will be no lack of imitators, and we may look forward to a good many stories in which charming heroines will be scandalously jilted, but, instead of dying of broken hearts as they used to do, will go on living in a comparatively easy and tranquil way. An ending of this kind is scarcely gloomy; at the same time it is scarcely cheerful. As there is certainly no future state for the people in a novel, nor any prospect of another world in which the injustices of this shall be repaired, reward and punishment, bliss and torment, ought perhaps to be distributed while the doers and sufferers are still within reach. A neutral kind of conclusion, like that of *Theo Leigh* for example, leaves the picture incomplete. To introduce a pleasant and likeable heroine, drag her through a couple of woful misadventures, inflict upon her a good deal of wretchedness, and then leave the unfortunate maiden very much as she was at first, is to produce an imperfect sketch. Mr. Trollope understands the great art of making his characters grow under the influence of circumstances, and although his jilted heroine is deprived of the conventional reward, still we feel that she has undergone a natural process of which the course and effects have been logically worked out. Miss Thomas, as yet, has scarcely reached this height in her art. The people she draws have plenty of vitality and distinctness; they are fresh and active, and she never confuses or bungles them. But this is a different gift from the power of gradually developing character by external incidents or persons. The *Theo Leigh* of the first chapter is not perceptibly different from the *Theo Leigh* of the last, and if there is thus neither *dénouement* of plot nor *dénouement* of character, the work is artistically incomplete, and the reader is in a measure sent empty away.

But although *Theo Leigh* is like Lily Dale in being what

* *Theo Leigh*. By Annie Thomas, Author of “*Denis Donne*.” London: Tinsley Brothers. 1865.

Mr. Trollope calls a Wounded Fawn—that is, although she is badly treated by two men whom in turn she is very much in love with, and remains unmarried when we lose sight of her—Miss Thomas's view of the Wounded Fawn is altogether her own. When Lily Dale was jilted by Crosbie, she suffered intensely. There was nothing tragic or appalling in her misery, but it was very genuine and very deep. She did not shriek nor fret, nor loudly and impatiently spurn all consolation. But all consolation was ineffectual notwithstanding, and the loss of her perfidious lover effected a permanent revolution in her character. Fortunately, perhaps, for the happiness of young ladies, if it is not equally creditable from a sentimental point of view, very few among them have the depth of feeling of Lily Dale. As a rule, they have learnt to endure these misfortunes of their sex with very considerable fortitude. Vexation, and a reasonable but material kind of disappointment, enter much more largely into the grief of a jilted young lady than that weariness and desolation of heart which were so admirably brought out in Lily Dale's case. And even when she feels sincerely sad and wretched, the ordinary young lady is always able to get over the shock in a tolerably short time. One very often hears people exclaim, as if it were a very dismal and shocking thing, that not one woman in a thousand marries the man whom she first loved, and that a man has always, at one time or other, loved some woman better than the wife of his bosom. Apart from the exceeding questionableness of the facts on which the doctrine rests, it is not at all clear that a man or a woman who has been jilted, or who has in any other way lost the object of his first passion, is therefore less happy and contented with somebody else. Only a few people of either sex are capable of very deep feeling, and in most cases, though the fawn may feel a little sore and troubled, the wound is not more than skin deep. Theo Leigh, unlike Lily Dale, is a girl of ordinary mould, and not more than ordinarily profound in her capacity of feeling. She is very tender and gentle, quite capable of being a good deal hurt through her tenderness, but not at all fatally. When her first lover, having led her to suppose that he was going to seek her hand the next day, calmly leaves the place by an early train without making any sign, she is of course very dull and sad. "It was a sharp deep cut she had received, but she resolutely covered it up and kept the air of observation from it, and would not suffer it to fester; it was a healthy wound, and she knew that it would heal perfectly in time, and leave no pain, even though a scar remained." After a considerable interval, the faithless one makes his appearance on the scene once more, and this time he actually proposes and is accepted by her. But, owing to circumstances over which he has no control, he is forced to abandon her, and the luckless Theo's last state is worse than her first. Still she sinks into no terrific despair. The world looks rather blank to her for a time, but consolation comes at last in the shape of a lord's grandson and heir. The soothing influence of a good-looking young aristocrat does not quite drive out the recollection of the old passion. She wavers uneasily between fidelity to the old lover and an inclination to seek some comfort with the new one. It is in this part of the story that Miss Thomas has done herself most justice. The way in which Theo's mind is brought round from a moderate sort of despair to a moderate sort of interest in life and happiness is perfectly natural and truthful. Ninety-nine girls out of a hundred would probably go through precisely the same process, if placed in similar circumstances. "She began to see, it began to dawn upon her, that it was within her ability to do or accept a something that would heal the soreness of the past, if she could honestly obliterate that past from her heart; and this she began to feel she could do." The authoress thoroughly enters into the situation, and works it out very successfully.

It is remarkable that, understanding as she evidently does the rare art of letting the people in a story move and manœuvre as they do in real life, voluntarily and of themselves, Miss Thomas should have condescended to the rude and superfluous device of a villain who from time to time is made to dictate the action of the story. Crafty scoundrels do not control actions and changes of feeling in real life, and the prime rule for a novelist is to make his characters shift their attitude spontaneously and naturally, not under the artificial compulsion of other people. David Linley is a blunder, and the prominent place he occupies in the story is the more provoking, because nobody is better able to dispense with the traditional villain of melodramatic passions than Miss Thomas. But of course a villain saves the novelist an immense amount of time and trouble. It is so much easier to let him pull the strings than to make the events of the story flow in their own course, and the people act of their own freewill. Painstaking is, unhappily, not Miss Thomas's strong point at present, so she is too apt to put her readers off occasionally with melodramatic makeshifts, instead of elaborating those airy harmless plots and counterplots of society of herskill in which *Denis Donne* was so highly promising an example. Yet even in *Theo Leigh*, as well as in the first part of *On Guard*, there are abundant signs that Miss Thomas has not lost her secret. The little blonde, whose apparently artless intrigues cause the unfortunate Theo to be jilted for the third time, is a most ingenious sketch of a too familiar type of young lady. She is not corrupt or wicked, or anything very bad, but only decently selfish and rather sly. And the arts by which she allures the young aristocrat away from his betrothed are as strikingly natural as the process by which his betrothed had come to accept him. People who have the old-fashioned notions about poetic justice may be outraged on finding that an intriguing flirt

is rewarded with a lord, while the virtuous heroine is left without even a commoner for a husband.

In the last sentence of her book the authoress seems to imply that, in some future story, Theo Leigh may be revealed to us in all the glory of matrimony. One will be glad to learn how so desirable a consummation has been arrived at, and we shall renew the acquaintance all the more willingly if by that time the authoress has ceased to make all young men and women habitually address one another by their Christian names, and habitually indulge in confidential conversations in suppressed tones. And surely the writer's very acute sense of absurdity should have prevented her from making a daughter say to her father—"Well as you loved our mother, you never loved her with the deep wild love you had for Harold Ffrench's mother!" There is also a little too much profane swearing, and it is worth remembering that English gentlemen do not say "My God" with the lavish profusion of a Frenchman. Miss Thomas's writing is, on the whole, so fresh and vigorous, that errors of taste of this sort jar more harshly than they would in a more commonplace novelist. Her sketches of character are full of cleverness, and *Theo Leigh* confirms the impression made by *Denis Donne*, that, if the writer will only consent to abstain from writing two novels in time which would barely suffice for one, she may take a foremost place in modern fiction. But the condition is absolutely essential.

ARIZONA AND SONORA.*

ONE of the results of the French expedition to Mexico has been to invest the mines of that country with more than usual interest. Numerous suggestions have emanated from Paris as to the expediency of a part of them being made over to France, to be held as a material guarantee for the payment of the expenses incurred in the cause of the Emperor Maximilian, and rumour has reported that the district of Sonora would be temporarily pledged by that monarch to his disinterested but prudent allies. That province was invaded by French arms about twelve years ago, but the result was not encouraging. The world has by this time almost forgotten Count Gaston de Raousset Boulbon, but at time of which we speak he created no slight sensation in Mexico. Having squandered his patrimony in Paris and at Algiers, he went in the year 1852 to California with the hope of repairing his shattered fortunes, and there organized a filibustering expedition for the purpose of seizing the silver mines of Sonora. At first he obtained considerable success, overcoming the forces sent by the Mexican Government to oppose him, occupying Arispe, the capital of the province, and proclaiming a free republic. In 1853, however, he met with a defeat, which obliged him to retire from the country and to seek refuge in San Francisco. The next year he set on foot a fresh expedition, and invaded Sonora a second time, but he was soon compelled to surrender, and the sentence of a Mexican court-martial terminated his career at an early age, and put an end to the plans about which his friends had raved and sung:—

De vaincre ou de mourir l'homme de cœur s'honore !
Hurrah !
N'est-il pas un pays que l'on nomme Sonore ?
Hurrah !
C'est là qu'il faut planter, puissant et solitaire,
Hurrah !
Le drapeau dont les plis ont ombragé la terre.
Hurrah !

Had it not been for the civil war in America, Sonora would probably by this time have formed a portion of the United States, and Mr. Mowry, in the work which is now before us, looks hopefully forward to the time when that province will be acquired by his countrymen, and "the Mexican population will recede before the energy of American career." He speaks with enthusiasm both of Arizona and of Sonora, and his opinion is entitled to carry weight, for he has spent several years in those districts. In 1855 he was an officer in the Federal army at Fort Yuma. In the course of an expedition which he made into the wilds of Arizona, he formed so high an opinion of its great mineral resources, and so enthusiastic an idea of its future destiny, that he resigned his commission, and devoted himself to exploring the country, and attempting to call the attention of the Government to its claims. At one period he was elected a delegate to Congress, and he has always held the position of a representative man in Arizona. He became the proprietor of one of its silver mines, and, according to his own account, he was rapidly making a fortune, when the general in command of the Federal troops imprisoned him on a charge of collusion with the Confederates, and seized the mine. He was subsequently set at liberty by the court which tried his case, and his property has been restored to him, but his indignation still survives, and makes itself manifest here and there in his book. He appears to be a man of strong likings and dislikings, and some allowance must be made for this fact in accepting his very favourable opinion of the country which he describes; but his book seems to be written with sincerity, and he constantly gives his authorities, and backs up his theories with statistics.

The name Arizona is said to be derived from an Aztec word *Arisuma*, meaning "silver-bearing"—a tradition still existing among the Mexicans of a silver mine of incredible richness,

* *Arizona and Sonora; the Geography, History, and Resources of the Silver Region of North America.* By Sylvester Mowry, of Arizona, &c. &c. Third Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. London: Low, Son, & Marston. 1864.

called La Arizona. The district was acquired by purchase from Mexico, at a cost of ten million dollars, during the mission of General Gadsden, and is therefore commonly called "the Gadsden Purchase." In former days it was a thriving Spanish province, the Jesuits (one of whom first explored it in the year 1687) having early founded a mission there, which increased so rapidly that in the course of a century forty towns and villages sprang into life. The valley of the Santa Cruz and its tributaries teemed with an active population of agriculturists and miners, and at one time more than a hundred silver and gold mines were worked with success. But at last the Indians organized a general rising against the settlers, who had by this time lost much of their original energy, and drove them out of the greater part of the country. "A superior civilization disappeared before their devastating career, and to-day there is hardly a trace of it left, except scarcely visible ruins, evidences everywhere of extensive and hastily deserted mining operations, and the tradition of the country."

The climate, in Mr. Mowry's opinion, is for the most part delicious, "never extremely hot, with cool summer nights." Fuel is abundant, labour is cheap, and the land in the valleys is very fertile. One valley, fifty miles long, is described as "all golden with grain. In one field there were 150 acres of corn. I counted upon four stalks eighteen full-grown ears, and the average height of the stalks was fifteen feet." The population of the country in 1858 amounted to 10,000, exclusive of Indians. Those savages form the chief drawback to the delights of Arizona, the amount of mischief which they contrive to do being enormous, although their numbers are small. The tribe of Apaches, who are the main offenders, can boast of only a couple of thousand warriors, but they have been able to devastate all Northern Mexico. No kindness has ever mollified them, no policy has been able to conciliate them. A nation of thieves, they must steal or they starve, and it appears to be impossible to convert them to a better state of mind. The only way to wage war against them, says the author, in a passage bearing considerable likeness to a speech lately levelled against the Maoris, is to hunt them down to their haunts. Then "they must be surrounded, starved into coming in, surprised or inveigled—by white flags, or any other method, human or divine—and then put to death. If these ideas shock any weak-minded individual who thinks himself a philanthropist, I can only say I pity, without respecting, his mistaken sympathy. A man might as well have sympathy for a rattlesnake or a tiger."

Mr. Mowry speaks in glowing terms of the mines of Arizona. The Sonora Company has expended a large capital in working many of them, the largest being the Heintzelmann mine, and it is his profound belief "that the most colossal fortunes this country has ever known will be made from the mines of Arizona and Sonora. . . . Iron, copper, silver, and gold are found in hundreds of localities, a plumbago mine was discovered during the present year (1859), and quicksilver is the only metal of which no mention has been made." Even if Arizona did not contain a single acre of arable land, he says, there could be doubt that her mines would some day make her one of the wealthiest of the States of the Union. The silver mines he describes as especially prolific, and he quotes from Ward's *Mexico* a decree issued by Philip V. in the year 1741, "declaring the district of Arizona to be royal property, as a *Criadero de plata*—a place where, by some natural process, silver was created," a number of masses of the pure metal having been found there, one of which weighed 2,700 lbs., the entire weight of the whole amounting to 4,033 lbs. But before the resources of the country can be fully developed many changes will be necessary. The Indians must be reduced to submission, the Mexican boundary line must be altered, the roads must be improved, and a good sea-port must be obtained. Arizona will then become "an important source of silver, although . . . it cannot be expected to produce the brilliant results obtained in Central America."

Sonora is said to derive its name from an Indian word, *Sonot*, meaning *Señora*. The Conquistadores were hospitably received there by the Opatá Indians, who modified the name of their country out of courtesy to the Spaniards, being very different from their successors, the Apache Indians, whose devastations have reduced Sonora to the state depicted by its epithet *Infelix*. Its Mexican inhabitants are of a docile and obedient nature, but they have lost their original force of character. Raids and revolutions have completely shaken it out of them. Education is at its lowest ebb among them, but they are honest and hospitable, and, as Mr. Mowry observes with emphasis, "strong-minded women are unknown, and usually peace reigns in their homes." In 1859 the entire population did not exceed 135,000, and it was decreasing so fast that there were fears of the country becoming a desert. In former days, however, the valleys of the Sonora and Gila rivers maintained a numerous and active race. The Jesuits founded extensive missions there, and the traces of their sway are still visible in the ruins scattered over the country, while "among the old people, their kindness and wisdom are still remembered and talked of." A tradition is current in Sonora that Montezuma was originally the chief of the Opatá Indians, and that after he had subdued the neighbouring tribes he began to build a great city, afterwards called Casa Blanca, on the banks of the Gila. But evil omens having alarmed him, he set out in search of a more favourable site, guided by an eagle which flew in front of his army, until at last it led him to the Lake of Mexico. There he founded his great city on the spot where the eagle was discovered "perched on an opal, with a rattlesnake in

its beak." To this day, says Mr. Mowry, "eagle, snake, and opal is the escutcheon of Mexico. Snake alone would be more appropriate."

The climate of Sonora he describes as excellent, the extremes of heat and cold being unknown, but in this he differs from many other writers. The soil is very fertile, two crops of great abundance being gathered every year from the same land. Wheat, maize, peas, and beans are the principal products, but excellent tobacco grows everywhere, and in some districts the sugar-cane flourishes, and a coarse sugar, called *panocha*, is produced. In others cotton is grown, and "the cereals will mature, as in Alabama, into a golden harvest, separated only by a hedge or a highway from the snowy fleece of the cotton-plant."

The mines of Sonora Mr. Mowry considers inexhaustible. In the branch of the Cordilleras known as the Sierra Madre, "hardly a village or grazing estate but can show some vein of gold, silver, lead, or copper," and he thinks that in all probability "not a fourth of its existing metallic wealth is known, while not a moiety of that has been or is being developed." Under the Spanish rule, mining was encouraged in every way, special privileges and advantages being granted to the miners; but the republican institutions of Mexico have proved fatal to their enterprise, and mining has now reached its lowest ebb in that country. The mines are worked on a paltry scale, little capital being invested, few hands employed, and only contemptible machinery used. "To work a mine requires a mine," was a proverb among the Spaniards, who drew enormous revenues from the sources of which their successors make so little use. But the Spaniards were men of enterprise and industry, and they brought to bear on their operations all that capital and science could offer, while the Mexicans are poor and lazy, and utterly destitute of energy. "Formerly Sonora the Rich was a proverb; now, Sonora the Poor is a stubborn fact." The modern miner is in every way inferior to his predecessors. In general he belongs to the class called *Gambusinos*, speculators without capital, who usually work abandoned mines. Free from all government inspection, and carrying on their operations without order or foresight, they break out ore only where it is rich and accessible, and, to save themselves trouble, they throw the refuse into the shafts and drifts they are not working, and soon block them up. Frequently they cut away the pillars which had been left as supports, till the walls crack, the mine falls in, and the results of centuries of labour are thrown away. Many of the mines have been abandoned on account of the inroads made by the Indians. In the time of the Spaniards, order was maintained throughout the province; but, after the republic was proclaimed, the troops which would have kept the Indians quiet were called off to quell the rebellions which were constantly taking place in the capital and other places, and, as they retired, the savages rushed in.

Mr. Mowry thinks that the mines offer an excellent field for speculators, but that foreigners will find their way impeded by numerous obstacles. A long purse is necessary for success, and to it must be added experience in mining affairs, and an intimate acquaintance with the character of the country and its inhabitants. A case is mentioned in which an agent, who was sent by a joint-stock company to inspect a mine, and to invest a considerable capital in working it if he thought it a good speculation, spent half the money entrusted to him in "dinners, balls, picnics, shooting and fishing parties, with bands of music hired for the nonce at a couple of hundred dollars, and champagne at fifty dollars a basket." Six months passed in revelry before he commenced operations; and when he had at last invested the remainder of the money in a mine which would in the end have proved an excellent speculation, but which required still further sums to be spent upon it before it would begin to yield any profits, he was recalled by his frightened employers, who preferred to lose the money they had advanced to him rather than continue an enterprise which appeared so expensive. Another warning is given in the story of the Santa Juliana mine. Its manager was a poor French gentleman, who accepted the situation on condition of receiving his board and lodging, a yearly salary of 480 dollars, and three-tenths of the net profits of the mine. In one year he is said to have realized 37,000 dollars, and yet the owners soon afterwards became bankrupt, with a deficit of nearly half a million. But in spite of such failures, Mr. Mowry looks forward to enormous fortunes being made in Mexico. He estimates the entire produce of its silver mines from the time of the Spanish Conquest to 1803 at rather more than two billions of dollars, or about 400,000,000*l.*; and he looks forward to the day when Mexico will yield up its wealth to his countrymen, "and the predictions of Humboldt—that the balance between gold and silver would one day be restored—will be made good from the treasures of Arizona and Sonora."

A LADY'S WALKS IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE.*

MR. DISRAELI suggested in one of his novels that an Act of Parliament ought to be passed giving to certain well-worn quotations a complete rest, and imposing a severe penalty on any one who should attempt to disturb it. If a code of law in the same spirit could be passed as regards books of travel, there are several incidents that ought never again to be narrated. They are emphatically things that "go without saying"; we

* *A Lady's Walks in the South of France in 1863*. By Mary Eyre. London: Bentley. 1865.

have read them, or something like them, so often before, that even with our eyes shut we could read them again. For instance, there reappears in all stories of journeyings abroad one mule which, for consistency of conduct, might be taken as an exemplar to the human race. This remarkably intelligent animal, at some period of some mountain journey, always kicks over the traces and "causes a delay of several hours." We know that mule of old. Sometimes he turns up in the fifth page, sometimes in the fifteenth; sometimes Spain is the scene of his pranks, sometimes Mexico, sometimes Peru; but in his reappearance from time to time in the literature of travel we have full faith. Of course, according to Mr. Buckle, the recurrence of this lively brute is ruled by some law; and we suppose that he can no more be kept out than Charles I. out of Mr. Dick's petition. But the mule does not stand alone. Other incidents are as inevitable in narratives of adventure abroad as the lion mark on silver. For instance, who ever read a book of wanderings without finding it filled with pen-and-ink photographs of foreign fleas? Then, whether a waiter was civil or not, whether the omelet on the first day was as well cooked as the omelet on the second, whether the bedroom looked south or west, what the landlord said as to the weather, what the postilion said when he received his *pour boire*, all are brought in with conscientious care. Beyond this category, autobiography and family history are called in to add the charm of their candour, and the supposed interest arising from their revelations of private life. We learn with a gush of feeling that the writer has a sister whose baptismal name of Arabella Jane has been shortened by some recondit process into the pet name of "Pop"; also, that the traveller has an "Aunt Betsy." If one of our home neighbours told us all this face to face, we should do them the injustice to suppose that they were impertinent, even though we did live in the same parish; but when once men or women cross the Channel, they think that their sea-sickness, their misfortunes in being overcharged, their difficulties with *patois*, their accidents with restive horses, all belong to the public, and deserve ample record or allusion in print. Of course there are writers who can make any personal accident worth relating by the charm of their style, or the incidental lights they throw upon it. In their hands a Tour round a Room becomes pleasant reading; and "For my part I prefer white wine" is no impertinence from the pen of Montaigne. Unhappily, the men who can give us gushes of good genial gossip are emulated by a crowd who think that their little adventures are also worth note. They, too, are travellers; they, too, have suffered from the rapacity of hotel-keepers; they, too, have seen mules; they, too, have tossed on hard beds, and have suffered indigestion from leathery omelets. Following in the footsteps of illustrious travellers, they have been presumably bitten by the same fleas, and thus aspire to the honour of the Persian earth that had "lived near the rose." It is for this class that an Act modelled after Mr. Disraeli's suggestion would be very useful; for it is in vain to tell them mildly that a waiter who cheats you under the shadow of the Jungfrau is not more amusing than if he lived at the Black Bear in Holborn, or the Blue Lion in Bermondsey; that a flea jumping fifty times its own length in a room admitting the pure air of the Wengern Alps is still only a too familiar insect; and that a Spanish mule, though possibly very interesting if exhibited at the recent show at Islington, does not betray such decided national peculiarities in his style of kicking as to justify a narrative of his deeds as prosy and minute as a French *procès verbal*.

All these sins of ordinary travel-books are shared to the full by the volume before us. But, in addition, the writer is a woman with a feminine faculty for fuss, and with a resolution, laudable enough, to travel as cheaply as she can. That a woman can write letters from abroad touching happily and lightly only on the salient points of scenery, and customs, and manners, Lady Duff Gordon's fresh and pleasant letters from the Cape, in last year's *Vacation Tourists*, fully proved. But if a woman gives her mind to it—and Miss Eyre has done so—she can be petty, precise, and childish, in a style and manner to which the most foolish male writer could never aspire. Her desire to travel cheaply compelled her, she reveals, to adopt devices and dodges—to resist impositions, to make fights over francs, and be careful of sous. All very proper, and no doubt quite right; but why inflict on any unfortunate reader the dreary details? At the outset this heroic lady resolved apparently to emulate the male tourist who went *Through Norway with a Knapsack*, and to take as little with her as she could. *Through the Pyrenees with Two Petticoats* might have been her title—for that, it seems, was the number of those interesting garments to which she restricted herself. In other respects she went about better provided than her masculine prototype. If we remember rightly, he had only one shirt, but he washed it himself, and while it was drying on the next bush he laid himself out to cool at the same time on the river bank—a scene that, but for the prosaic and civilized appearance of the shirt, might suggest that "Time had run back and fetched the age of gold." Miss Eyre appears to have had a great deal of courage, facing lonely walks with considerable pluck for a maiden lady; but, though able to rough it, she still fell far short of Mr. Williams' heroic exploit. She confesses, however, that she washed her own linen, and "wore it rough-dry," and that once, anxious to gather a wild-flower, she "kilted her kirtle a little aboon the knee"; but, beyond that wild scene of Proserpine in the shape of an unprotected English female, we have no "roughing it" in the book. Half the work is made up of littlenesses that might

have been dismissed in ten lines. We are told how Miss Eyre got slight cholera from damp clothes—an incident brought in several times. We have the rude remarks of the lodging-house domestic; long fights for sous with guides, little boys, and beggars; conversations that have neither information, nor point, nor peculiarity; details of cheap dinners; recitals of the many occasions on which her dog chased ducks (at least twenty pages are filled by the exploits of this dog); and so on from page to page. One might sit and listen to such outpourings with patience for half an hour if the narrator were a maiden aunt from whom the unwilling auditor was expecting a large legacy. But in a book about the Pyrenees they are simply impertinent, for the very same adventures with fleas, sulky landladies, and a rude dog are as possible in Oxford Street as in the south of France.

The volume is not, however, all bad. Though Chinese in its absence of proportion and perspective—for the fleas and the landladies fill as large a space as the mountains—it has, on this very account, some descriptions of the manners and customs of the peasantry that bring the realities rather vividly before us; sometimes, indeed, too vividly, for we have domestic descriptions unpleasantly minute. These we shall not quote; but in the following passage she sums up in two paragraphs, to which a French writer is a large contributor, some of the prominent characteristics of the peasantry:—

I never knew the infinite use our country squires and clergymen, and their families, were of, in keeping up habits of cleanliness, order, and decency, till I came to France—and especially to the Pyrenees. Here, wretched as they look, almost every peasant one meets is a landed proprietor. I think it is Henri Taine, one of their own writers, who expresses his amazement at learning, during an excursion in some of these mountains, that a farmhouse and farm he saw at a distance belonged to the bare-legged girl who had waited upon him at the small inn where he had passed the night; and, again, that he was just about to bestow a franc or two on an old shepherd to whom he had been talking, and who was a mere bundle of rags, when the man prevented him, by saying he had been very unfortunate the preceding year—the roof of his stable having fallen in, and killed two thousand francs' worth of sheep—i.e. a hundred pounds' worth.

There is no progressiveness in the Pyrenees, and little in the heart of France, in the habits or dwellings of the peasant, however well off they may be. I should imagine that if one could resuscitate one of Henri Quatre's old soldiers, or even an ancient Celt, he would find himself very much at home in most French cottages of the present day. He would probably be disgusted by the change of costume; but I do not fancy he would feel any annoyance from the increase of refinement. And, to judge by their clumsy appearance, I should imagine the carts, ploughs, harrows, and other implements of husbandry, were just what he had been used to. It is impossible to describe the total want of all the commonest and most necessary decencies of civilized life, even among those whose amount of property would render them in England well-to-do farmers. What can these people do in sickness? However, they are always kind and civil to the wayfarer.

Other merits of the book arise out of the genuine feeling for wild-flowers which animates the writer. She is not a very learned botanist, but has knowledge enough to give definite meaning to the feminine outbursts of enthusiasm that enliven her page. Her songs and legends of the Pyrenees, translated from French authors, are good, though it is doubtful whether it is quite right for a traveller to make a book out of other books. It is a process at least that can be done at the British Museum, and without incurring all the tortures of Pyrenean beds, and the attempts at extortion by Pyrenean peasants. But there is another great disadvantage. The extracts are the best parts of the book, and the reader in his ingratitude may forget the merit of the string that ties them together. We have already given a paragraph, half original and half due to Miss Eyre's reading. Here is one all borrowed, and with taste:—

"Disinterestedness," says a French traveller, "is not a mountain virtue. In a poor country, money is the first necessity. Beggars swarm in the Pyrenees. I never met a child that did not ask alms, from four years old to fifteen; this is their trade, and nobody is ashamed of it." The same writer gives an amusing instance of their dexterity "in shearing an egg." A friend of his desired the servant to sew a button on to his trousers. In the evening she entered the room, pantaloons in hand, and said, with an undecided, anxious manner, as if she feared her demand would be disputed, "*C'est un sou.*" The master, without speaking, took a sou from his waistcoat pocket and laid it on the table. Jeannette went on tiptoe to the door, recollected herself, came back, took the trousers and showed the button. "Ah! it is a beautiful button! (a pause). I had not one in my box (another, longer pause). I bought that one at the grocer's—*c'est un sou!*" She looked up with anxiety; the owner of the pantaloons, still without speaking, laid on the table a second sou. It was clear there was a mine of sous in that quarter. Jeannette went out, and a moment afterwards reopened the door; she had settled her plans, and with a shrill, piercing voice, and wonderful volubility, she cried, "I had no thread. I was obliged to buy thread. I used a great deal of thread; it was very good thread. The button will not come off again, I sewed it on strongly. *C'est un sou.*" The master pushed towards her a third sou. Two hours after, Jeannette, who has reflected on the subject, reappears. She prepares breakfast with minacious care, wipes up the slightest slops, softens her voice, walks gently, and is most ostentatiously attentive; then she says, in the most obsequious and winning manner possible, "I must not lose—you would not wish me to lose; the stuff was hard, I broke the point of my needle. I did not know it before, I have only just seen it. *C'est un sou.*" The master drew forth the fourth sou, repeating—

Ce peuple est innocent; son ingénuité
N'altère pas encore la simple vérité.

"Take courage, Jeannette, you will gain a fortune, my child. Happy the husband who shall conduct you, candid and blushing, under the roof of his ancestors! Go and brush my pantaloons."

A story is told of Daniel O'Connell. Meeting a prolific pamphleteer, whose productions generally found their way to the butterman, he said, "I saw something very good in your new pamphlet this morning." "Ah!" replied the gratified writer, "what was it?" "A pound of butter," was the reply. Miss Eyre may object that the "something good" enough for quotation we have found

is not from her own pen, but we are bound, with the Yankee sub-editor, "to render unto scissars the things that are scissars," and if she has made judicious cuttings we follow her example. As for the rest of the book, there is enough of original matter to furnish forth a magazine article or two, and, so treated, it might have been a success. The lady defends her travelling abroad, and her search for cheap lodgings and cheap food, on very legitimate grounds; she states that she has not many pleasures at home, and that she is too poor to travel in the ordinary English style. The excuses are excellent, and the air of reality that redeems the book is due to this necessity of seeking out the most inexpensive modes of travelling, and lodging, and diet. But why should Miss Eyre drag all the little details before us, and parade her poverty, and weary us with her exertions after economy? Of old it was said that "blue stockings" were not criminal if the lady wore dresses long enough to hide them; but this book, with all its revelations, reminds us rather of the dreadful stereoscopic figure, erroneously supposed to be attractive and improper, in which the photographer has painted the feminine toilette in that skeleton stage when no superior garment conceals the crinoline. We are not sorry to get the results of the good lady's hunting after cheapness, but why not jump to the conclusion at once? Why exhibit herself in mental crinoline and stays, instead of giving us the result of her experience in its full dress? When next she writes—and she evidently has all the restless energy which distinguishes the unprotected female traveller—let her get some fearless friend, who does not expect a legacy, to cut down exactly half her book; the other half will be worth printing.

THE MUNICH HISTORICAL YEAR-BOOK.*

AMONG the cities of the Continent which English travellers deign to honour with a periodical notice, Munich has for many years held no inconsiderable place. Praise and sneers have been expended in about equal measure on King Louis of Bavaria's heroic efforts to create a modern Athens on the banks of the muddy Isar. Whatever may have been the degree of success obtained by him in this undertaking, he has at all events achieved notoriety both for his own name and for that of his capital. Everybody has his opinion, favourable or the reverse, as to Munich's claims to be considered one of the homes of modern art. King Louis's successor, the lately-deceased Maximilian II., is probably unknown, except by name, to most of the strangers that yearly flood the churches and galleries of the capital of Bavaria. Yet there have been few sovereigns, in our own or any other time, who have more liberally, and at the same time more discriminately, availed themselves of the non-political prerogatives of their royal position. Both his education and his tastes differed essentially from those of his father; he was personally neither able nor willing to assume the patronizing graces of a Dionysius or a Medici; and yet, when posterity comes to weigh the claims of those princes who have endeavoured to use their position to further the spiritual progress of their generation, it will assign no mean place to a sovereign already half-forgotten by his contemporaries.

King Maximilian II. of Bavaria was a pupil of Schelling, and retained throughout his life an affectionate belief in the Utopias of his tutor. On these this is not the place to descant; and we can only refer the reader to the panegyric uttered on the King, in the spring of last year, by one of the chief ornaments of his capital, the celebrated Professor Döllinger. A reconciliation of the conflicting bodies within the Western Church seemed to the King something better than a dream; and he lived in the fond belief that Bavaria, peculiarly constituted out of three Germanic races—the Franconian, the Suabian, and the Bavarian—might be called to become the starting-point of a movement of which Leibnitz had dreamt, and that the present generation might live to see its commencement. It was not unnatural that a Catholic prince who had sat at the feet of Schelling should have remained blind to the fact which history has been teaching for the last three centuries. Hegelianism, and the Catholic school of theology which glories in the late Papal Encyclical—and which, if report be true, has found a chosen home at the Court of King Maximilian's youthful successor—represent the two developments of the tendencies of thought which this royal dreamer hoped to see reconciled. What may be the result of their unavoidable conflict it is impossible for us, who have no Pythian tripod to resort to for information, to divine; but thus much seems certain, that through conflict alone the means will be found which will produce the harmony of the millennium.

At the same time, we are enabled to trace the ennobling effect which this, the leading idea of King Maximilian's life, exercised upon his efforts as a royal patron of the labours of his literary and scientific contemporaries. For in science alone, and in the science of history above all, he recognised the possible means towards effecting his cherished end. Nor was there ever a royal patron who understood so completely how to eliminate from the art of patronage its many offensive and deleterious elements. In the above-mentioned speech, Dr. Döllinger effectively points out, by means of examples, the false as well as the true methods of patronizing science. Unlike art, science is not liable to the temptations incident to the necessity of giving present pleasure, and of harmonizing, to a certain extent at least, with the spiritual atmosphere by which it is surrounded.

The patron of science, like science herself, works for the future rather than the present, and his efforts are not complete and perfect works, but contributions towards a result which humanity is possibly never destined to attain in its fulness. King Maximilian, with the true modesty of wisdom, wholly abstained from any interference with the labours which he aided, and confined his own agency to the selection of those fields into which he conceived it most important to direct the exertions which his position enabled him to support. Nor was he actuated by any foolish desire of making so comparatively unimportant a capital as Munich the centre of European, or even of German, science; he merely, in Döllinger's words, endeavoured to found there a school or a hearth of the scientific spirit, i.e. of the practised and refined search after truth. Thus the first sign of the royal intentions, consisting in the hackneyed establishment of an Order of Science and Art, with fifty members sensibly empowered to supplement vacancies by self-election, was soon followed by more practical institutions. Two Commissions, one of Physical and the other of Historical Science, were incorporated with it, and the direction of their labours was left entirely to the bodies themselves. The consequence, in the former instance, was a rich harvest in the fields of astronomy, geology, and botany. A collective *History of Sciences* remains as yet in too fragmentary a state to enable the world to acknowledge more than the comprehensiveness of its design. But it was the Historical Commission which the King fostered with particular tenderness, and it is to its efforts—as exemplified, among other publications, by the first volume of the *Munich Historical Year-Book*—that we desire to direct especial attention.

The Commission for Bavarian History, to which an interesting series of *Origines* is owing, was merely a prelude to the German Historical Commission, which includes in its ranks the leading historians of Germany, such as Lappenberg, Cornelius, and Döllinger, and is presided over by the father of the living historians of Europe, Leopold Ranke. The King endowed it with an annual gift of forty thousand florins, besides various annual prizes. A glance at the list of the publications to which it has given rise is sufficient to indicate the unusual comprehensiveness of its scope. They are not confined to editions of documentary history, though on this head the collection of chronicles of German cities, superintended by Professor Hegel, and another of acts of the *Reichstage* from the date of the Golden Bull, are likely to prove of inestimable value to future writers on the least-understood period of the history of the Empire. The *Year-Books of German History*, of which five volumes have already appeared, are historical annals critically digested and reproduced; and a journal established in connexion with them affords an arena in which younger combatants may flesh their swords in promise of more perfect achievements. Various other works, which we need not here enumerate, owe their origin to one or the other of these systematic publications.

It is obviously not to be expected that the general public should bestow much attention upon a series of undertakings destined to form the groundwork of future works of general interest. In the *Munich Historical Year-Book* the Commission has provided a sufficient standard by which its labours may be appreciated by the outside world at large. The contents of the first number, for the year 1865, which now lies before us, are sufficiently varied to ensure it a larger circle of readers than are generally apt to carry their investigations up to the *Fontes* of history. Dr. Döllinger himself contributes an interesting article on the Empire of Charles the Great and his successors, which is extremely valuable as throwing additional light upon events which ignorance and national clap-trap have enveloped in a cloud of almost hopeless obscurity. As proceeding from the pen of so temperate a critic of the foundations of the temporal power of the Roman Church, Dr. Döllinger's investigations into the relations between Pope and Emperor, indirectly bearing on the subject, will be read with much interest. To Gregory VII. both the Papal supremacy and the temporal power owed their permanent establishment; and it is impossible to refuse to recognise the connexion between the two claims, though of course they rested on distinct grounds. The former suffers greatly from Dr. Döllinger's clear exposition of the historical sequence and significance of events. There is no doubt that, by his "Adoration" of the Emperor, the Pope signified his acceptance of the supremacy of the former; and that, by receiving the Imperial Crown, Charles became the supreme lord of the Pope as well as of the city of Rome, and Leo was reduced to the rank of a subject. And Theodolph, Bishop of Orleans, speaks of St. Peter as confiding the keys of his church to the King, who administers the church, and who rules not the laity alone, but the clergy also.

Among the other papers we have been especially interested by the contribution of Professor Cornelius of Bonn, well-known by his at present incomplete *History of the Great Anabaptist Revolt*. Its subject is the establishment of the German *Liga* in the earliest years of the Thirty Years' War, and it is founded on recent researches in the archives of Munich, Würzburg, and other Bavarian cities. We trust that this paper will not fail to fall under the eyes of those infatuated Neo-Catholic historians who, availing themselves of a commendable reaction against the ultra-Protestant prejudice which placed the sword of the Lord and of Gideon in the hands of every royal adventurer who endeavoured to carve his fortune out of the wrecks of the German Empire, represent the House of Austria as sustaining throughout, from the purest of motives, the cause of the ancient faith. We are not amongst

* *Münchener Historisches Jahrbuch für 1865*. Herausgegeben v. d. Historischen Classe d. Königl. Akademie d. Wissenschaften. München: 1865.

those who would rashly attempt to rob the Thirty Years' War, once for all, of its time-honoured character of a religious struggle. Neither Christian IV. of Denmark nor Gustavus Adolphus entered Germany, and were supported by so large a proportion of its inhabitants, from mere motives of selfish ambition; and the Bohemian revolt, the immediate occasion of the outbreak of the war, was probably owing, in the main, to genuine religious fanaticism. At the same time, it was the curse of the seventeenth century that motives of an un-mixed kind were impossible for its leading men and nations; and the House of Austria from the first played for the stake of fat lands, as well as of religious orthodoxy. That such was the case is now incontestably clear, and Professor Cornelius' paper shows, on irrefragable evidence, that something of the kind was clearly recognised by the Catholic Estates of the Empire, of which Bavaria, by the untiring and consistent energy of her duke, constituted herself the leader. Step by step, as Professor Cornelius insists, the desire of the Duke of Bavaria manifests itself to found the League without any interference or participation on the part of the House of Austria. The influence of Spain and the Pope subsequently modified his policy, but he never joined hands with the Hapsburgs till he had assured himself of their good faith by a very tangible territorial guarantee. It is known how, on the very eve of the Peace of Westphalia, Maximilian was on the point of playing false—as the Imperialists indignantly declared—to the interests of the Emperor and of the Church which the Hapsburgs had determined upon identifying with themselves. He would have had a perfect right to make his own peace, as he and his confederates had made their own war; and the Court of Vienna would only have reaped the results of a policy which it has so long, and frequently with entire impunity, pursued.

DUNOYER'S SECOND EMPIRE.*

THE author of this treatise (not long since departed from amongst us) occupied a prominent place in the world of politics and letters under the Restoration. Along with Charles Comte, he conducted, and contributed largely to the success of, *Le Censeur Européen*, a periodical which exercised a notable influence over the educated minds of France, and probably assisted in bringing about the expulsion of *La Branche Aînée*. During the reign of King Louis-Philippe, M. Dunoyer filled more than one responsible position, among which was that of Prefect of the department of the Somme. His attachment to the House of Orleans was sincere and zealous, and, in common with almost all high-minded Frenchmen, he withdrew from public life after the violent seizure of the supreme power by the actual ruler of France in 1851. M. Dunoyer's active mind subsequently found occupation, and in some sort satisfaction, in composing the work before us, and it is now offered to the public by his son, M. Anatole Dunoyer, himself a man of letters, and earning in exile honourable, though we fear scanty, independence as a professor of political economy.

The wonderful history of the Emperor Louis Napoleon has presented so much of the quality of romance, so much that attracts the interest of lookers-on, so much of the glitter of success, that few of us are able to bring to the subject those sober considerations which in ordinary cases occur to the mind of an honest reader or spectator of varied personal adventures. Yet there must and will come a time when the events which occupy the period between 1850 and 1865 shall claim dispassionate attention. Whenever that moment arrives, the book before us will claim notice as furnishing, beyond any work that we are acquainted with, accurate statements of the facts, with commentaries which are fraught with wholesome instruction, inspired by a lofty tone of patriotic sentiment, and clothed in language not unfrequently rising into positive eloquence. It will, indeed, be read with interest, if only as a literary performance. The sequence of incidents is cleverly woven together, the monstrous contradictions between the protestations of the President Louis Napoleon and the conduct of the Emperor are well set forth, with ample reference to authentic documents; whilst the cunning policy which presided over the preparation of the Russian war and inveigled the English into the joint enterprise, is capably unravelled and exposed. So is the humiliating sequel, when our puissant ally insisted on making up the quarrel, thus baulking John Bull of the expected opportunity of redeeming his reputation by an attack upon Cronstadt, or by some other exploit within his means. The book abounds with keen sarcasms—now directed against the Empire, now against the English who admire and flatter it—together with earnest reflections upon the probable course of the political future of his beloved France.

Few persons, we apprehend, feel disposed to re-open the discussion upon the famous *coup d'état* of 1851. We have had enough—more than enough, perhaps—of this disgraceful episode in the national annals of France. The English mind has been, as one may say, unsettled in its notions of rectitude by the convenient results of a despotism over our restless next-door neighbours, and has accordingly suffered itself to be talked into acquiescence in the spectacle of a prostrate community by the organs of the classes, political and commercial, who find their account in it. Otherwise, we should have quoted a portion of Chap. IV. p. 222 *et seq.*, wherein the seizure of the government by the President is

commented upon, and the enterprise itself stripped of the false glare through which it has been the fashion to view it. There is, moreover, a burst of impetuous wrath, in treating of this passage, that might kindle a moral twinge in a Ministerial newspaper editor, could he be induced to peruse the pages in question. We extract a passage in connexion with the ready acceptance of the *coup d'état* on this side of the Channel:—

Bien que chargé de représenter au dehors l'opinion de la plus illustre des nations libres, le cabinet britannique n'avait garde de manifester le moindre embarras de se trouver associé à un gouvernement qui, par la ruse, par la force et par le parjure, venait de détruire la liberté au sein d'un pays voisin et ami. Il affectait, au contraire, de paraître prendre le change sur son origine, en ayant l'air d'ignorer les actes multipliés de violence qui avaient si profondément vicié l'établissement de son pouvoir. Il voulait qu'on crût qu'en s'associant à lui, il pensait rendre hommage à la France, et dans le destructeur de la liberté française il feignit de ne voir que le véritable élu du peuple français. La presse anglaise, qui, trois années auparavant, avait si rudement flagellé l'usurpateur, s'est plu alors à découvrir en lui toutes sortes de mérites.

In speaking of one among many salient points of contrast to be found in the political systems of France and England, M. Dunoyer remarks:—

Rien ne s'oppose, en Angleterre, à ce qu'un inconnu puisse devenir politiquement un homme considérable; mais avant de consentir à le reconnaître et surtout à le traiter comme tel, on a le bon sens d'attendre qu'il le soit réellement devenu. . . . La communauté politique ne se charge jamais de donner de l'importance à qui n'en a point. Ce n'est que chez nous que l'on commet de telles extravagances, que l'on croit pouvoir improviser l'illustration, et qu'en plaçant un homme sur un piédestal, en le dorant sur toutes les coutures, on s'imagine en avoir fait quelqu'un.

From so penetrating an observer as M. Dunoyer we are somewhat surprised not to find the explanation, to most of us so obvious, of the practice here deprecated. The reluctance of the larger portion of Frenchmen of birth and education to enter public life leaves to the Emperor no choice but to employ such of his subjects as are unencumbered with scruples. But for this embarrassing difficulty we should hardly have seen eminent appointments filled as some of them have been under the present régime. The persistent attitude assumed by "la société" forms, indeed, one of the most singular moral spectacles that the world has ever witnessed, and is one which must command a certain respect and admiration. Nevertheless, a succeeding generation will hardly find it possible to persevere in total abstention from participation in the active duties of citizenship. Meanwhile, the advantages of material progress and increase of wealth go far in reconciling the masses of the French people to their servitude, and if they do live under an absolute monarch, "at least," said a peasant of the Bourbonnais once to an Englishman of our acquaintance, "c'est notre despote à nous."

With reference to a possible issue out of what he terms the actual degradation of his country, M. Dunoyer entertains a kind of expectation—we can hardly call it hope—that a second "restoration" of the elder branch of the Bourbons may be effected, comprising the advantages of monarchical government, in the person of Henri V. and his race, now (it may be presumed) chastened and improved by adversity. A sort of horoscope is drawn of such a contingency in the second volume; but, since the subject belongs more to the realm of imagination and dreams than to the more rational ground of political calculation, we scarcely venture to produce M. Dunoyer's vaticinations, plausibly uttered though they be. The independent members of French society do indeed spend a vast amount of speculative energy in framing future combinations, yet few of them entertain any confident belief in their likelihood. "Ceci ne peut pas durer!" said an eminent political character to the late Mr. Nassau Senior in 1861. "Mais vous m'avez dit la même chose en 1856!" "Eh bien, oui, c'est vrai, mais cela nous console."

It may appear to some that too much attention is habitually given to what passes in France. And yet it may be said with truth that all modern history hinges upon the history of that wonderful nation. Everything which happens in France causes Europe to vibrate. The very uncertainty that characterizes her form of government serves to keep alive the attention of mankind upon the scene, whilst her unquestioned greatness in the field of intellectual culture commands the homage of the civilized world. And, if we permit ourselves to wish at times that the constitution of her Government were more conformable to our notions of political fitness, it ought not to be forgotten that no one of the phases through which France has passed, in the memory of man, deserves to be regretted by the present generation. Even M. Dunoyer himself, speaking of the mischiefs of centralization (vol. 2, p. 469), admits that, after the accession of King Louis Philippe—

En pleine paix, sans cause apparente, ou du moins sans autre cause que celle que je ne cesse de signaler, le nombre des fonctionnaires s'est accru d'environ trente-cinq mille. Il paraît que, dans ces 500 millions et plus d'accroissement qu'ont pris les dépenses publiques sous le gouvernement de juillet, il y aurait à faire entrer pour environ 65 millions celui qui est provenu de la multiplication des fonctionnaires.

Again—

Il n'est pas de formes sous lesquelles la liberté et la propriété particulières n'aient été attaquées. L'autorité, systématiquement et candideusement perturbatrice, a donné à cet égard aux factions l'exemple des plus dangereuses témérités, et ses doctrines administratives, objet de tant d'admiration, mènent si directement au socialisme, que, lorsque les événements de février sont venus mettre en scène les sectes socialistes, ces sectes, pour essayer de réaliser leurs utopies, n'ont eu en quelque sorte qu'à suivre la voie tracée par le régime administratif en vigueur. C'est ainsi qu'à l'exemple de ce que ce régime avait fait pour les cultes, pour l'enseignement, pour les travaux publics et pour d'autres branches d'activité d'une moindre importance, le

* *Le Second Empire et une nouvelle Restauration.* Par Charles Dunoyer, Membre de l'Institut. London: Jeffs.

gouvernement provisoire, dès le lendemain de la révolution, a entrepris de concentrer dans des ateliers sociaux des industries livrées jusque là à l'activité particulière.

It admits of grave doubt, indeed, which of the two former Governments exhibited the greatest ignorance of the science of political economy, and yet in no country has that science had more able or more active teachers.

To pass from complaints against the Empire of Louis Napoleon to the history of the first Napoleon, we would recommend the perusal of a few pages in the Appendix to the second volume, wherein is described a curious scene between MM. Comte and Dunoyer and the Duc d'Otrante. It took place a few days after Bonaparte's return to Paris from Elba, and is worth noting as a sample of adroit seduction and cajolery on the part of that consummate master of intrigue, the notorious Fouché. Another portion of the Appendix exhibits the play of the *régime actuel* in reference to its civil administration. The account of a trial before a judge and jury in 1861, relative to the amount of indemnity to be given for forcibly ejecting an eminent manufacturer of the Rue St. Denis, is almost dramatic. The arguments urged on behalf of "improvements" are diverting. The advocate affirms that the "propriétaire" will make a "good thing" of it, that the indemnity is liberal, that "La Ville" always pays too much, and so forth. At length the "propriétaire" cries, "Well now, seriously,

"Je vous en adjure, quand devrons-nous déménager?"

M. PICARD. "Dame! que voulez-vous que je vous dise? Si vous n'êtes pas prêts le 15, vous partirez le 16, le 17; tout ce dont je puis vous répondre, c'est qu'on ne jettera pas vos cotons dans la rue. La ville a toujours eu des procédés."

M. MARSEAUX. "Ah! oui, parlons-en... témoin les habitants de la rue Basse du Rempart, que vous avez déménagés en six heures."

M. PICARD. "Légalement, le 15 octobre, ou à un jour très-rapproché."

M. MARSEAUX. "Eh bien! moi, je vous déclare que nous ne serons prêts à partir ni le 15, ni le 16, ni le 17 octobre. Nous sommes l'une des gloires industrielles de la France, entendez-le; nous ne sommes pas de ces gens qu'on chasse d'un coup de pied. Nous nous en irons quand nous le pourrions; peut-être le 15 janvier. D'ici là nous résisterons: il vous faudra nous expulser, *manu militari*. Vous avez osé bien des choses, nous verrons si vous osez celle-là."

The above little "skirmish in Court" attests that, at any rate, the "Epicier" is not among the number of those who are reduced to "nothing at all," and that he can take his own part when pressed hard on the Frenchman's sensitive part—namely, his property.

We terminate this brief notice of M. Dunoyer's two volumes by an emphatic sentence, extracted from Chap. IV:—"En fait de conspirations réussies, les moins faites, à coup sûr, pour exciter l'enthousiasme sont celles qui sont préparées et accomplies par le pouvoir."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MUSICAL UNION.—Members having Nominations to send Names and Address to the Director, and pay their Subscriptions before Easter, at the usual Places. The Eight Matinees take place—Tuesday, April 25th, May 9th, 23rd, June 6th, 19th, 26th, 27th, and July 4th. Joachim, Auer, Flauti, Hallé, Jaell, Lubek, and Madame Schumann are engaged.

J. ELLA, 18 Hanover Square.

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1865.

Under the Special Patronage of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN. The Exhibition will be OPENED on Tuesday, May 9, by His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES.

The State Ceremonial to be observed on this occasion will include a Grand Musical Performance with a Band and Chorus of a Thousand Performers. On the Opening Day Season Ticket Holders only can be admitted. Season Tickets are now on Sale at the Office, 115 Grafton Street.

Lady's or Gentleman's Ticket.....£3 2 0
Child's, under 15 Years.....1 10
Arrangements for Return and Excursion Tickets on all the Railways to the Exhibition, at Reduced Rates, are in progress.

GENERAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The Exhibition is open Daily from Nine till Six.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

GEORGE L. HALL, Hon. Sec.

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 PALL MALL.—The TWELFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

THE LATE DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.—An EXHIBITION of the WORKS of this eminent Artist, consisting of Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches in Oil and Water Colour, is NOW OPEN to the Public, at 9 Conduit Street, Regent Street, W., from Ten to Five.—Admission, 1s. The Exhibition will close this Day.

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HYDE-PARK in 1864.—Mr. GEORGE DOLBY begs to announce that Mr. BARAUD'S NATIONAL PICTURE, containing 226 Portraits of the frequenters of Rotten Row under the Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, is now ON VIEW, at 230 Regent Street, from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

WESTMINSTER ELECTION.—Mr. J. STUART MILL for WESTMINSTER.—Gentlemen being ELECTORS of Westminster, and Others, anxious to promote the Election of Mr. STUART MILL, and to Subscribe to Return him Free of Expense, are invited to communicate with the undersigned.

April 12, 1865.

JAMES REAL, Hon. Sec., 369 Piccadilly.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Seventy-sixth ANNUARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place at the Albion Tavern, Aldersgate Street, on Wednesday, May 10.

His Grace the LORD ARCHBISHOP of YORK in the Chair. The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements.

OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ART-UNION of LONDON.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Council's Report and to distribute the Amount Subscribed for the Purchase of Works of Art, will be held at the New Theatre Royal, Adelphi, on Tuesday, April 25, at Half-past Eleven o'clock, by the kind permission of BENJAMIN WARRAN, Esq. The receipt for the current year will be let to Members for Residential occupation; and when the House is remodelled, these Chambers will be increased.

The Entrance Fee is Ten Guineas, and the Annual Subscription Five Guineas. All Applications to be made to the Hon. SECRETARY, 10 Bury Street, St. James's.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, London, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1833, for the General Education of LADIES, and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

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The College will Re-open for the Easter Term on Monday, April 24. Individual Instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music to Pupils attending at least one Class. Special Conversation Classes in Modern Languages will be formed on the entry of Six Names. Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders. Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, Classes, &c., may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

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